

THE  
THIRD and Last VOLUME  
OF  
Posthumous WORKS,

Written by

Mr. *Samuel Butler*,  
Author of HUDIBRAS.

Part written in the TIME of the  
USURPATION, and the rest in the  
Reign of King CHARLES II.

To which is Added, *The Coffin for a*  
GOOD OLD CAUSE. Publish'd first  
before the RESTORATION.

By Sir *Samuel Luke*.

*The Third Edition, Corrected.*

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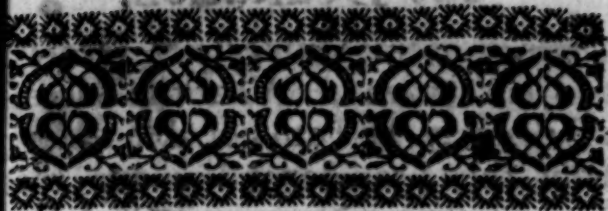
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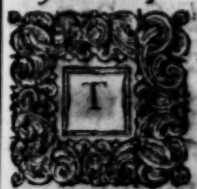




T O

*The Right Honourable*  
Charles, Earl of Arran,  
Chancellor of the Univer-  
sity of Oxford, High  
Steward of Westmin-  
ster, &c.

*My Lord,*



THE two former Vo-  
lumes of the *Posthumous*  
*Works* of this admirable  
Author had the Honour  
of Your Brother the Duke of O R-  
M O N D's Friendship, and under his

A 2

*Umbrage*

## The Dedication.

*Umbrage* were Univerſally receiv'd and encouraged. What the Succeſs of *this* may be I am not able to ſay; only this I can depend upon, that *Your* Illuſtrious Name and Character will give a Luſtre to it, and be a means againſt many Inſults.

I am ſenſible *Your Lordſhip* is as much above the Mode of *Compliment* and formal *Adreſſes*, as you are the common *Vanities* and *Follies* of the World. *You* judge of Men and Things not by their Shadows and outward Appearance, and Tendency, and natural Conſequence; and 'tis upon theſe views I preſume upon *Your Lordſhip's* Favour.

As Caſes now ſtand, I muſt confeſs that I look upon *theſe* Papers to have a ſort of Right to *Your Lordſhip's* Patronage; I will not here pretend to mention Particulars any further than this; that I am fully ſatisfy'd that *they* can be no where plac'd

## The Dedication.

plac'd with so much Honour and Safety as in the Hands of a Person whose Virtue and Merits have rendered dear to his Countrey, and Exceeding valuable to all honest Men.

As to the *Papers* themselves, they come to me so well attested, that I have no manner of Reason to suspect but that they are in Reality the *Posthumous Works* of Mr. Samuel Butler, Author of *Hudibras*. Indeed I must own I obtain'd them from several Persons, but then they had all Authentick Vouchers, and were most of 'em writ in Mr. Butler's own Hand, as will appear by their Originals now in the Custody of the Printer.

The *Poem*, Entitled *Dunstable Downs*; or, *The Inchanted Cave*, and the *Tale of the Cocker and the Vicar of Bray*, were given me by a Gentleman whose Father was an Intimate of Mr. Butler's at the Time

## The Dedication.

he was Clerk to Sir *Samuel Luke*. He assures me that the Facts of both were true, and that Mr. *Butler*, who was then very young, wrote *em* whilst he was with Sir *Samuel*, and when he left his Service gave his Father the Copies.

The rest, except that Entitled, *A Coffin for the Good Old Cause* which is generally supposed to be Sir *Samuel's* own, and Publish'd just before the Expiration of the *Rump*, were collected from the *Papers* of Sir *Roger L' EStrange*, Dr. *Midgley*, Mr. *Charles Booth*, *Amanuensis* to the late Duke of *Buckingham*, Lord *Rochester*, &c. and Captain *Julian* the famous *Satyr-monger* of that Time.

But, *My Lord*, I presume the *Papers* will speak so well in their own Vindication, that it would be too assuming in me, that am only their *Editor*, to offer any thing further in their Defence: I must confess

## The Dedication.

feels that I believe the Author never intended *they* should be made Public: But, if that be a Fault, I must beg leave to assure *Your Lordship* it ought not to be charg'd to my Account.

I wish, *My Lord*, I could produce as good Authority for this Presumption as I can for the Publication of the *Papers*; that I most humbly acknowledge I have no Excuse for, but to beseech *Your Lordship* to believe I have no other View but to shew a small Mark of that *Duty* and *Gratitude* I owe to *Your* Illustrious Family, and to lay hold of the first Opportunity to signify how Ambitious I am of the Honour of being, *My Lord*,

*Your Lordship's*  
most Obedient, and  
Devoted Servant.

*An*

• *An INDEX and KEY to the THIRD  
and Last VOLUME of Mr.  
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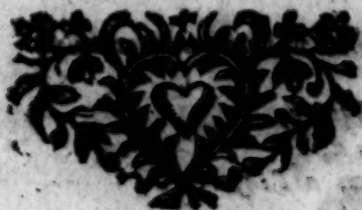
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THE  
Third and Last VOLUME  
OF  
Mr. BUTLER'S  
Posthumous WORKS.

---

DUNSTABLE DOWNS; or the  
INCHANTED CAVE.  
*A Barlesque Poem.*



Near DUNSTABLE, upon  
(the Down;  
There is an *Alchouse*, and  
(but *One*,  
Which some th' *INCHANTED CA-*  
(*STLE* call;  
Others more aptly, *Gypsic-Hall*.

Vol. III.

B

Not

2 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Not far from hence if we may credit  
 Some ancient Authors, that have se'd it  
 Erst dwelt; to make the *Story* brief,  
 Old *Dun*, that memorable *Thief*.  
 Within a Hollow under-ground  
 Apartments yet are to be found,  
 Where both himself and Horse retreated,  
 And still all Hues and Cries defeated :

But waving this to come to th' Tale,  
 Near to this Place there lies a Vale :  
 Where a good *Dame* much fam'd in *Story*,  
 For praying Souls from *Purgatory*.  
 A *Chappel* built, and got a *Grant*,  
 That in *Remembrance* of a *Saint*  
 Ten Thousand *Masses* should be se'd  
 For her *Repose* ; tho' she was dead :  
 And that for this the *Neighbouring Towns*  
 Should have free *Common* on the *Downs*.

For many Years this *Custom* stood  
 In high *Regard* i'th' *Neighbourhood*;  
 Until

Until at length it so fell out,  
As Time brings many things about,  
A famous *Knight*, who thought that *Masses*  
Were only said by such dull *Asses*  
The *Priest* had wheedl'd to believe,  
*Masses* to th' Dead some Ease could give;  
Resolves this *Custom* to oppose,  
And the whole *Common* to inclose.

The People on the other hand,  
When they the *Matter* understand,  
Fully determine *One* and *All*  
By th' *Common* they would *stand* and *fall*;  
And that in spite of all his *Riches*  
They'd level both his *Hedge* and *Ditches*;  
But how to do it most securely  
They meet, and first consult maturely:  
A World of *Methods* they propound  
'Gainst which some still Exceptions  
(found;  
Until one wiser than the rest  
Stood up, and thus himself exprest:

4 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Neighbours, I own, to save our Com-

(mons

*He that is backward can be no Man ;*

*Nor is there any of you here*

*That dares go farther than I dare ;*

*And yet I will not so entangle*

*My Self, and Friends, in any Brangle,*

*But that in case of a Defeat,*

*We may propose a safe Retreat.*

*This Knight we know is at this Hour*

*A Man of mighty Wealth and Power,*

*And in a little Space can bring*

*The Troops he raised against the King,*

*And order them without Remorse,*

*Free Quarter here for Man and Horse,*

*Which would annoy, and vex us more*

*Than loss of Commoning, I'm sure :*

*Let us not therefore be such Elves,*

*To save our Common, lose our selves ;*

*But first consider what to do,*

*To save our Selves, and Common too :*

Thus



## DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 3

Thus having spoke, he blew his Nose,  
Then scratch'd his Head and on he goes,

Neighbours if you'd be rul'd by me,  
I'll undertake to set you free :  
There is a Man at Gypsie Hall  
Has all the Vagrants at his Call ;  
And what he bids them do, or say,  
Both Great and Small, they all obey.  
Now put the Case we could perswade him,  
This Knight intended to invade him,  
And Seise his Garden, and the Ground,  
That he has borrow'd from the Down ;  
'Tis natural to think the Man  
Will in this Cause do all he can,  
And use his utmost Care and Skill  
To obviate the approaching Ill.

At this the People gave a Shout,  
This is the very Man must do't :  
This Man will surely set us right,  
Against th' Incroachments of this Knight.

6 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

This said, to th' *Hall* away they go,  
To let him first the Business know:  
The *Fellow* when he saw them come,  
Gave out that he was not at Home;  
Supposing, not without some Reason  
Their Visit might be out of Season;  
Until the *Master* of an Inn,  
Judging why he was not within;  
Goes out and whispers to his *Wife*;  
There is no *Danger* on my Life.

The *Neighbours* only are come up  
To smoke a Pipe, and take a Cup;  
Something, perhaps they have to Offer,  
And if your *Husband* likes the Proffer,  
I know they will stand by and *Bail* him,  
'Gainst any that attempt to *Jail* him:  
At this the *Woman* made no more  
To do, but stepping out of Door,  
Bawls, *Richard*, whyd' you run to hole,  
As if that you had something stole?

Turn.

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 7

Turn out for shame and show your

(Parts

There's none within but honest *Hearts*.

At this the *Fellow*, tho' not quite

Recover'd from this sudden *Fright*,

Crept from a Place behind the *Manger*,

Where he was wont to hide from Dan-

(ger;

And coming boldly in among 'em,

*Neighbours*, says he, this is not common :

Your Presence here, I must confess,

I ne'er expected more or less :

But since you're come you're welcome

(all,

As I may say, to *Gypsie Hall*.

*Dick*, says a Butcher, there's none

(here

But likes your *Company*, and *Beer* ;

But 'tis not that, to tell you true,

Has brought us now to visit you.

We have a *Business* that demands

Your fruitful Head, and active Hands ;

8 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

And if you'll put your Shoulder to it,  
There's no Body like you can do it.

If I can do the *Thing*, quoth *Dick*,  
Depend I will at nothing stick ;  
Therefore be free, and tell me what  
*You* and your *Neighbours* would be at,  
Says one all this is wishsly, washsly,  
Meer linsley woolsey Stuff, and trashey.  
The Case is this, The *Neigh'ring*  
(*Towns*)  
Must lose their *Common* on the *Downs*,  
If we can't find a way t' oppose  
A *Knight* that vows he'll them inclose.

If this be all, were he a *King*,  
Quoth *Dick*; 'tis but the self-same thing  
I and my *Friends* will spoil his *Fences*,  
Let him have what he will *Pretences* ;  
And nightly level to the Ground  
Whatever he shall *But* and *Bound* :  
But then, quoth *Dick*, I hope you wont  
Desert me after I have don't.

No,

No, no says one, (if you are taken)  
You shall not find your self forsaken :  
There's not a Man among us here  
But in your Favour will appear :  
And furthermore we all assure you,  
You shall not want an honest *Jury*.  
Why then, quoth *Dick*, to say no more,  
I'll serve you to my utmost Power ;  
And let this *Vile encroaching Knight*  
Begin Inclosing by this Light ;  
I, and some *Friends* that I can trust,  
Will save the *Common*, do his worst.

All things thus fix'd to their desire,  
The *People* to their Homes retire ;  
Expecting ev'ry Hour that some  
Would bring the News the *Knight* was  
(come :  
And long they had not waited e're  
Advice was brought that he was there,  
With *Ralph* his Squire, and two or three  
That came to bear him *Companie*.

10 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

At this the *People Great and Small*,  
 Repair in hast to *Gypsie Hall*,  
 To learn which part the *Knight* pro-  
 (pos'd  
 O' th' *Downs*, should be the first inclos'd,  
 Who as happen'd pitch'd upon  
 That *Part* that *Gypsie Hall* stood on.  
 This nettl'd *Dick*, as you may think,  
 Who wish'd that he might never *drink*,  
 If he did not defend his *Palace*,  
 Tho' he was sure to go t' th' *Gallows*.  
 May I be curst if any, Sir,  
 Quoth he, from hence shall make me  
 (stir;  
 If all the *Gypsies*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*,  
 Can keep the *Vermin* out of *Doors*.

Whilst he was railing at this rate,  
 A Man o'erlighted at the Gate;  
 Who calling for some *Aqua Vita*,  
 Saith he, there are some *Gentry* nigh t'  
 (you,  
 That

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. II

That I suppose intend to come,  
This, Night, and make your House  
(their Home.

The chief they call Sir *HUDIBRAS*,  
As mere a *Knight* as ever was :

He as a Squire, Who to distinguish,  
Is *Ralpho* call'd, tho' in plain *English*  
His Name is *Ralph*; as great a *Lout*,  
As ever *Nasty Whore* turn'd out.

Iv'e follow'd them this Hour or two,  
To learn what *Game* 'tis they pursue ;  
But can by no means comprehend,  
What 'tis the *Gothamites* intend.

Quoth *Dick*, and star'd him in the  
(Face;

Your are a *Stranger* to this Place ;  
Or else you must without all Doubt,  
What they intend have soon found out.  
The Case not better is nor worse ;  
This *Knight* is sent us for a Curse,  
In Recompence for *Mischiefs* done;  
Down to this Day from *Forty One*.

Itc



12 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

It seems the *Saints* that rule the Rost  
 Have granted to this *Knight* o' the Post,  
 Sole Liberty to rob the *Towns*  
 O' the Right of *Com'ning* on the *Downs*:  
 And so it is, without all Doubt,  
 He and his *Gang* are looking out,  
 Where 'tis most proper to begin  
 To make their damn'd *Incroachments* in;  
 Nay, more, he swears who him op-  
 (poses  
 With *Basket Hilt* he'll slit their Noses.

Will he, says he, then by this *Light*,  
 I'll try the Courage of the *Knight*;  
 And I am much beside my *Notions*,  
 If I don't make him change his *Mo-*  
 (tions.

But *Landlord*, as this can't be done  
 By any single Hand alone;  
 'Tis necessary we adjust  
 All the *Preliminaries* first.  
 In this *Case* we should understand  
 Each other, and go Hand in Hand;

Then

Then if the *thing* be as I judge it,  
 I have a *Project* in my *Budget*,  
 Shall make this *Knight*, and *Ralph* his  
 (Man,  
 With shame return from whence they  
 (came,

*God's* Blessing on you, then quoth  
 (Dick.

If you can shew them any *Trick*,  
 I'll joyn with you with all my Heart,  
 And do my best to act my Part :  
 And Sir, if we can save the *Downs*,  
 We may depend the *Neighb'ring Towns*  
 Will stick at nothing to Express  
 Their *Gratitude*, and *Thankfulness* :  
 Nor shall you for the future call  
 Early or late at *Gypsie Hall*,  
 But you shall always find these Doors  
 Open to serve both *you* and *yours*.

If this be *Gypsie Hall*, quoth he,  
 Then is fulfill'd a *Prophesie*

"I've

14 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

“ I’ve often heard and read, a *Stranger*,  
 “ When *Gypsie Hall* is most in Danger;  
 “ Shall in the very nick arrive;  
 “ And from the *Walls* the *Foe* shall drive:  
 “ The *Stranger* that this *Hall* shall save,  
 “ The *Title* of a King shall have.

And I that *Title* now inherit,  
 Not from *Inherent Right* or *Merit*;  
 Which as some hold are empty *Things*,  
 Mere *Feathers* in the *Caps* of *Kings*:  
 But *Choice*, which some say at this Hour  
 Gave the first *Kings* all *Right* and *Power*.

But letting this at present stand,  
 To come to th’ *Business* under Hand.  
 I find it is the *Fates Decree*,  
 I should fulfil this *Prophecie*.  
 Know therefore *Landlord*, I’m the *Man*,  
 The *Gypsie Race* have pitch’d upon  
 To be their *King*, and to *preside*  
 O’er all the *Stragling Canting Tribe*.  
 Nor do I vapour when I tell,  
 I know their *Government* so well;

There’s.

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 15

There's none among them will com-  
 (plain  
 Of any *Hardships* in my *Reign*.  
 When any of my *Subjects* fall  
 By dire *Mishap* in any *Brawl* ;  
 I never cease till I have found  
 Some way the *Matter* to compound.

Quoth *Dick*, *Great Sir*, I beg your  
 (Pardon,  
 You are a Man I've often heard on,  
 And if you'll undertake this *Matter*,  
 Nothing in Nature can be *patter*.  
 I know you always have at hand  
 A trusty well appointed *Band*,  
 That never boggle or stick out,  
 But what you bid *Them* do, they do't.  
 By your *Advice*, and their *Assistance*,  
 This *Knight* can make but small *Resi-*  
*stance* :

And I'll be ready to pursue  
Whatever you direct me to.

Whilst

16 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Whilst thus the *Landlord* and the  
 (King  
 Were canvassing about the *Thing*,  
 They chance to spie thro' an *Avenue*,  
 The *Knight* approach with his *Retinue* ;  
 At which the *Landlord* in repairs,  
 And left the *King* to stand the *Bears*.  
 The *King* who knew 'twas the true way  
 To flatter him, he would *betray*,  
 Rides to the *Knight*, and having paid  
 Profound *Obeysance*, thus he said :

*Prosperity* and *Peace* attend  
 Your *Worship*, till your *Life* shall end.  
 May you, and your *Renowned Heirs*  
 Possess these *Downs* ten Thousand Years.  
 And may they never, never want,  
 So brave a *Knight*, so good a *Saint*.

At this the *Knight*, with muckle  
 (Grace,  
 Having in Order set his Face,  
 Reply'd,

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 17

Reply'd who e'er you are your *Man-*  
*(ner,*  
 Demonstrates you a Man of *Honour* ;  
 And he must ill deserve to share  
 Your *Wishes* or your *Character*,  
 That does not own the *Obligation*,  
 To be saluted in such Fashion.

Quoth *Ralph* his *Squire*, who always  
*(went*  
 His halves, as well in *Complement*  
 As in his good or bad *Adventures* ;  
 Lown I'm something on the *Tenters*,  
 I had a scurvy *Dream* not long since,  
 Altho' I know all *Dreams* are *Nonsense* ;  
 Yet I can't help to recollect  
 What I find verify'd in Effect.  
 My *Dream* was this, I thought We  
 Were both hild up into a Tree,  
 Where we hung dangling in great *Danger*,  
 Until an unexpected *Stranger*  
 Came and reliev'd from *Gibbet* high  
 Your *Worship's Noble Self* and I.  
*Ralph,*

18 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

*Ralph*, quoth the *Knight*, I needs  
 (must tell you,  
 That many things that have befall you,  
 Have been by *Dreams* so plain foretold,  
 That I must own We've been too bold  
 To contradict the *Hints* were given,  
 That seem'd to come direct from *Hea-*  
 (ven:  
 But for the *Dream* which now you men-  
 (tion,  
 There's nothing in my *Comprehension*,  
 That any ways can us effect,  
 Either direct or indirect.

The King replies, most Noble *Knight*,  
 Your *Worship's* doubtless in the *Right*;  
 I must confess we dream indeed,  
 Of Things that very oft succeed;  
 But then, Sir, with Submission, 'tis  
 When they have some *Analysis*;  
 For without that all *Dreams* are but  
 The *Products* of an o'ercharg'd *Gut*.

Well



Well, quoth the *Knight*, I must confess,

You like a Man your self express,  
But now the *Time* and *Place* denies  
Your *Arguments*, or *Ralph's Replies*.

Let's first go make our *Quarters* good,  
And then if you are in the Mood;  
We'll try to find a *Cause* more fit  
To exercise our *Parts* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Ralph*, as 'tis my proper Station,  
I'll first go see th' *Accommodation*,  
This Famous *Structure* can afford  
To you, its only *Rightful* Lord.

So clapping Spurs to both the Sides  
O'th' Steed, to th' *Hall* he boldly rides,  
Where *Dick* stood ready to salute,  
And Complement this *Squire Brute*.

I'm come to know, says *Ralph*, who 'tis  
Commands in this *Metropolis*,  
And whether he can entertain  
A *Noble Knight*, and all his *Train*:

Quoth

20 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Quoth *Dick*, and please you, I am he  
That hold this *Tenement* in *Fee* ;  
And if his *Worship* please to come,  
He shall be wellcome to my *Dome* :  
I can no *Rarities* pretend,  
But I will treat him as a Friend ;  
And if Things don't so well succeed,  
I hope he'll take the *Will* for th' *Deed*.

If you, says *Ralph*, were *Ferdinando*,  
You could no more do, than you can do,  
And he that more than that expects,  
Is faulty in his *Intellects*.

As for the *Valiant Knight* my *Master*,  
He has so often met *Disaster* ;

So oft has slept in trusty *Buff*,

And has so very oft lain *Ruff*,

That now his *Worship's* grown so wise  
He never thinks on *Rarities*.

Have you an *Aqua Vitæ Bottle* ;

Marry, quoth *Dick*, I have a *Pottle*.

And

And have you Food for *Horse* and *Man*?  
Why there I'll do the best I can ;  
*And ultra posse as I am told,*  
*Non esse will not Water hold.*

Whilst *Ralph* and *Dick* thus talk'd  
 (together,  
 The *Knight* and *Gypsie King* came thi-  
 (ther,  
 And *Ralph* reporting what was done,  
 They all o'erlight, and in they come :  
 And being plac'd, *Dick* brings a Glass,  
 And thus began to *Hudibrass* ,  
 Sir, here's a glass of *Aqua Vita*,  
 Were't better I would not deny't you ;  
 'Tis to your *Worship's* Health ; quoth  
 (*Ralph*,  
*Friend* make no Words, but drink it off ;  
 Our *Stomachs* want a *Cordial*, more  
 Than empty *Complements*, I'm sure :  
 For tho' some foolish *Authors* think,  
*Knight Errands* never eat nor drink.

# The

22 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

The *Notion's* false, for if a *Knight*  
 Don't eat and drink he ne'er can fight:  
 Then *Landlord*, without more Delay,  
 Drink first, and shew my *Knight* the  
 (way.

All this, to give the *Devil* his due,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, in Fact is true ;  
*Knights* eat to fight, and fight to eat,  
 And drink to beat, or to be beat :  
 Then *Landlord*, let us taste your *Liquor*,  
 'Twill make our *Tongues* and *Tails* run  
 (quicker :  
 At which the Glass was toss'd about,  
 Till first the *Knight*, then *Squire* gave  
 (out.

The *Gypsie King* who silent sate  
 To here the *Man* and *Master* prate:  
 Replies, at length I understand  
 These *Downs* are all *Your Worship's Land*,  
 And that you gain'd them by pure Merit,  
 You and your Heirs for to inherit.

Now

Now, Sir, if I may be so bold,  
 The *Title* under which you hold,  
 Is but a poor precarious *Thing*,  
 Till you subdue the *Gypsie King*.

The *Gypsie King*, quoth *Ralph*, whose  
 (he ?

I never read his *Pedigree* :  
 Where can this *King's Dominions* lye?  
 I never heard; by *Mars* nor I.  
 Saith *Hudibras*, this needs must be  
 Some Strange *Infernal Monarchy* :  
 But let this *King* be who he will,  
 I'll keep my *Resolution* still ;  
 And let him come from *Heaven* or *Hell*,  
 Upon these *Downs* I mean to dwell.

This *King*, says he, has no fix'd  
 (State,

His sole *Dependance* is on *Fate* :  
 The *World's* his *Empire*, and his *Rule*  
 Extends to every *Knave* and *Fool*.

His

24 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

His *Vassals* are indeed but few,  
 But they are *Valiant* all and true ;  
 And whatsoe'er he bids them do,  
 They with undaunted *Zeal* pursue.  
 Upon the *Downs* a Place they have  
 Ycliped *THE INCHANTED CAVE*  
 Where they at Midnight often meet  
 And dance to th' Ecchoes of their Feet.  
 This *Place* they think a *safe Retreat*,  
 In time of *Danger* or *Defeat* ;  
 And here unseen themselves convey,  
 When ever they have made a *Prey* :  
 Here they their *Youngsters* first inure,  
 All Sorts of *Hardships* to endure.  
 Here all their *Schemes* and *Politicks*,  
 Their *Arts*, their *Stratagems* and *Tricks*  
 Are first examin'd, and approv'd,  
 And here they *love*, and are *belov'd*.

Enrag'd at this, quoth *Hudibras*,  
 This is a *Glorious King* by *Mars*.

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 25

If *Basket Hilt* has any *Sway*,  
I'll make this *Monarch* soon obey,  
And him and all his *Tatter'd* gang;  
From off these *Downs* intirely bang.

And I, quoth *Ralph*, will do my best  
To extirpate this *cursed nest*.

Is this the *Monarch* will oppose,  
Your *Worship's* Title to Inclose :

I would my self renounce all *Claim*,  
To *Chivalrie*, and quit the name  
Of *Squire* for ever, if I did

Not from the *Downs* these *Vermin* rid.

These are some paultry *Cavaliers*,

That sneak in *Holes* to save their Ears.

Their *King* is some poor *Outlaw'd Fool*,

Some *Night-bird*, some *Recusant Owl*,

That pilf'ring flies from *Hole* to *Hole*,

As if that he had something stole.

The *Gypsie King* who ill could bear,

To this *Scoundrel domineer*,

C

Re-



26 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Replis, you go too fast good *Squire*,  
*Best Malt is made by softest fire* ;  
 This is no paultry *midnight King*,  
 You utterly mistake the *Thing* ;  
 And I'll be bold behind his back  
 To say, he doth no courage lack.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this argues little,  
 Shew us the *Cave*, we'll try his *Mettle*  
 And if we do not clear the *Den*,  
 We'll own our selves to be no *Men*.  
 At this the *Knight* gave *Beard* a twist  
 And on his *Breast* thrice smote his fist  
 "Have I receiv'd in *Civil Wars*,  
 "So many dreadful *Cuts* and *Scars*,  
 "To fear this petty *King* of *No-Land*  
 "More wretched than the *Tool* of *Poland*  
 Well, saith the *King*, since you determine  
 To go and ferret out these *Vermin*,  
 Without more *Words* or more *Dispute*  
 I'll guide your *Worship* to the *Brutes*.

Agree

Agreed faith he, and for your Pains,  
You shall partake of all the *Gains*.

That *Scene* thus laid, the *King* desir'd,  
That they might be a while *Retir'd*,  
And so they all conclude to go,  
To nap it for an Hour or two :  
I'the *Interim* he and *Landlord Dick*,  
Consult how they might do the *Trick*.

Not far from thence there stood a  
(*Barn*,  
Where *Gangs* of *Gypsies* us'd to swarm ;  
Hither the *King*, who always knew  
The secret *Marches* of his *Crem*,  
Repairs with speed, and singles out  
Six sturdy *Ruffins* from the *Rout*,  
And bid them put themselves in *Shape*,  
Of *Bulls* and *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and  
(*Apes*,  
Which always ready by 'em lay  
When they had any *Pranks* to play.

28 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

When thus equipt their *Orders* were,  
To an old *Chalk Pit* to repair,  
And there remain until the *Word*  
Was given, *Dismount*, and draw you  
(*Swor*

When you have heard the *Word*, says he  
Run from the Pit immediately,  
And seize two *Mortals* and disarm 'em  
But yet take care you do not harm 'em

Quoth one o'th' *Ruffins*, Who are  
(these

That you command us thus to *seize*  
And what is more, command us too  
That we should them no damage do  
You know dead *People* tell no *Tales*,  
And if that *Proverb* still prevails,  
I hold it safest by my *Troth*,  
To make sure *Work*, and *Murder* both

In many instances 'tis granted,  
A useful *Murder* may be wanted,

But

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 29

But (saith the *King*) as this *Case* stands,  
I must desire you'd hold your Hands.

Your *Orders* are to *Gag* and *Bind* them,  
And tie their *warlike Hands* behind  
(them.

When that is done *I* and a *Friend*  
In proper *Dresses* will attend,  
And give such *Orders* that are fit,  
To make this *Knight* and *Squire* submit.

*Matters* thus fixt the *King* return'd  
And *Dick* of all h' had done inform'd,  
Who readily agrees to bear,  
In the whole *management* his share:  
'Twas now about the dead o'th' Night,  
When wakeful *Squire* rous'd the *Knight*,  
And told him he had dream'd a *Dream*,  
Which with his first was much the  
same,

And that he could not help to fear,  
Some *secret Danger* must be near.

70 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

You know, says he, your *self* and *I*, beside  
Are very much unfit to dye : there

W'are both such *Sinners*, should w<sup>e</sup> they  
(drop and i

Before w'have made all *Matters* up, but ft  
I dread we should be guilty found, Quoth  
Without admission to *compound* : A stra

'Tis therefore, with your leave my No But I  
(tion, Howe

That first we go to our *Devotion*, To tr  
And try at least to deprecate, If I  
These *Boadings* of approaching *Fate* Whi

At this up starts Sir *Hudibras*, In al  
You dream of things can't come to And  
(pass,

Your Fears are *nonsense*, too, and come If w

From want of *Resolution*, T

And then for Praying I ne're read, Stoc

Of *Squire* that pray'd 'till *Knight* was Fear

dead.

Be-

Beside I'll tell you by the bye;  
 There's few *Knight Errants* ever dye;  
 They may indeed endure some Pain,  
 And in the vulgar Sence be slain,  
 But still their *Souls Immortal* be;  
 Quoth *Ralph*, all this is new to me.  
 A strange *Hypothesis* which none,  
 But *Errant Knights* depend upon.  
 However since your *Worship's* bent,  
 To try this wild *Experiment*,  
 If I should drop, I fain would know  
 Whither my *Soul* is like to go.  
 You know we *Squires* still stand our *Share*,  
 In all the perils of the *War*,  
 And 'twould be hard when y'are *Trans-*  
 (lated,  
 If we should not be *Reinstated*.

The *Gypsie King*, who in a *Hole*,  
 Stood privately and heard the whole,  
 Fearing *Ralph's Argument* might coole,  
 Of *Knight* the *Courage*, and o'errule;

32 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Steps out to *Dick*, and bid him run,  
 And tell them that the time was come  
 Which *Hudibras* no sooner heard,  
 But up he got and stroak'd his Beard,  
 And bid the *Landlord* go and bring  
 Their *Steed*s, and call the *Gypsie King*,  
 The *King* suspecting still that *Ralph*,  
 Would some ways bring his *Master* off;  
 Goes to the *Knight*, and told him that  
 Nothing could ever fall more pat,  
 These *stragling Vermin* are all *Set*,  
 As dead as *Partridge* for a net,  
 And if you'll hasten you may take,  
 All the whole *Gang* before they wake.

At this *Ralph* set his Arms a *Kimbo*,  
 And are the slaves so fast in *Limbo*?  
 Then *Landlord* bring us t'other *Dram*,  
 All this can never be a *Flam*.  
 Come *Master* take a hearty sup,  
 When we have beat their *Quarters* up,



In *Triumph* we will hither come,  
And clear what *Damage* has been done.

Quoth *Dick*, I very seldom trust,  
Nay often take the *Money* first,  
And if that I had known before,  
Your *Worship* would have run o'th'  
(*Score,*

My Bottle had not been so free :  
Well, says the *King*, leave that to me,  
I'll pay the *Shot*. Quoth *Dick*, why  
(then,  
You're very welcome *Gentlemen*.

Having thus fixt the whole *Affair*,  
They mount and to the *Pit* repair,  
Where the six *Rogues* lay all perdue,  
Their *Monarch's Orders* to pursue ;  
And he who knew they now were  
(safe,

First ask'd the *Knight* and after *Ralph*,

34 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

That if some *Ghosts* of *Cavaliers*,  
Drest in the *Shapes* of *Wolves* and  
(*Bears*;

Should from the *Cave* this *moment* rise,  
And seize them both by strange *Sur-*  
(*prize*;

It would not to *Remembrance* bring,  
Their *Barb'rous Murder* of the *King*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this *Question* is,  
*Non a propos in terminis*,  
That is, 'tis neither fit for you  
To ask, nor us to answer to :  
And by my *Troth*, says *Ralph*, it *Savors*,  
Much of the *Cavaliers Behaviours*.  
But this and all the rest to wave,  
Let's go directly to the *Cave*,  
And then 'twill quickly plain appear,  
What sort of *Ghosts* inhabit there.  
Well; quoth the *King*, if that's the *Case*,  
I'll go, let what will come to pass ;

And

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 35

And therefore not to make more Words,  
*Dismount, Dismount,* and draw your  
(Swords.

The *Ruffins*, who but only wanted  
To hear the *Word*, from *Cave Inchantèd* :  
Rush out at once, and soon divorce  
Both *Knight* and *Squire* from *Arms* and  
(*Horse*.

And having by their *King's* Commands  
First *Hoodwinck'd*, *gagg'd*, and *bound their*  
(*Hands* ;

Then to the Hollow back they move,  
To wait fresh *Orders* from above.

It was not long before that *Dick*,  
Who was made privy to the *Trick*,  
Together with the *King*, o'erlights,  
Drest in the *Shapes* of dreadful *Sp'rits* :  
And after they had struck a *Light*,  
Orders were given to bring the *Knight*,  
That

36 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

That he might be examin'd first,  
What made his *Worship* so unjust ;  
To *Rob* the Dead and cheat the *Towns*,  
O'th' *Right of Comm'ning* on the *Downs*.

Quoth *Dick*, if I may freely speak,  
The Day is very near to break,  
And if *We* do not find a way,  
To manage them before 'tis Day,  
Tis ten to one but they are found,  
And *We* instead of them are bound.

Then, says the *King*, do you propose  
The *Method* how we may dispose  
Of them to morrow, and at night,  
We'll meet and set the *Matter* right.  
Indeed as you suggest, I fear  
We cannot settle the *Affair*,  
Before the *Light* will drive us hence,  
Of which I fear the *Consequence*.

Quoth one o'th' *Gang*, I'll tell you how  
We often in such *Cases* do.

If we are hir'd to discover,  
 Hid *Treasure*, or a private *Lover* :  
 When we have got them in our *Snare*,  
 At first we only *Curse* and *Swear* ;  
 And now and then, we *Sweeten* too ;  
 To try how far that *Nail* will go ;  
 But if these fail, then next we *Fagg* 'em,  
 And after that we *Bind* and *Gag* 'em :  
 But if we find these don't prevail,  
 W'have still a *Trick* that cannot fail.  
 To some lone *Wood*, thro' a *bye way*,  
 Upon our backs we them convey ;  
 Where in a *Tree* we lug 'em up,  
 And tie 'em so they cannot drop ;  
 And there we leave 'em for a *Day*,  
 To think if b'nt a better way ;  
 All their whole *Secrets* to confess,  
 Than to remain in such *Distress*.

Faith, faith the *King*, tho' I have been,  
 In many, and many a merry *Scene* ;

38 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

I ne'er till now this *Project* knew,  
But prithee *Landlord*, what say you?

Quoth *Dick*, I like it passing well,  
Provided they a *Tree* can tell,  
Where they with safety may be perch'd,  
In case the *Country* should be search'd.

If that be all, says he, i' th' shape  
Of him that *Personates* the *Ape*;  
I know a *Tree* not far from hence,  
Where we our *Lumber* us'd to fence;  
There they may *Roost* a hundred year,  
And not a *mortal Soul* come near.

Well, quoth the *King*, then haul 'em  
(thither,  
And hang them on a *Bough* together;  
When that is done, then you may tell 'em,  
That this *Misfortune* is befell 'em,  
Not only for the curst *guilt*,  
Of *Royal Blood* devoutly spilt;

For

For *Plundering* and *Sequestration*,  
And bringing *Ruin* on the *Nation* ;  
But that b'ing lost, to *Shame* and *Grace*  
They'd vilely enter on this *Place* ;  
In opposition to a *Saint*,  
Who having made a sad *Complaint*  
I' th' other *World* , some *Power* un-  
  (known,  
Had sent them to *Protect* the *Damn* ;  
With full *Commission*, them to bring  
Dead or Alive before a *King* ;  
Who will a final *Sentence* pass,  
On the Fools, *Ralph*, and *Hudibras*.

All this was done as soon as said,  
And Knight, and Squire to th' Tree  
(convey'd ;  
There to remain 'till the next Night,  
Should finish the *Adventure* quite.

And now what *Mortal* can relate  
Of *Knight* and *Squire* the rueful *State*?

## But



40 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

But must believe Sir *Eglimoar*,  
When he the *Dragon* hear'd to *Roar*,  
Could not be in a much worse *plight*,  
Then was, alas, this *Squire* and *Knight*.

Next Night about the Hour Eleven,  
According to *Instructions* given;  
The *King* and *Dick* to th' *Pit* repair,  
With *Vizors* on, and *Coats of Hair*;  
Where also in their former *Dress*,  
The *Gang* were in a readiness;  
Such further *Mischief* to pursue,  
That they should be commanded to.  
The *King*, who fear'd that *Knight* or  
(*Squire*,  
Might if they longer hung expire,  
Order'd that they with speed should be,  
Both brought before his *Majestie*.

No sooner to the *Pit* they come,  
But says the *King*: Of *Knights* thou  
(*Scum*:  
Thou

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 41

Thou filthy *Wretch*, whose very sight  
(wou'd  
*Disgrace* and *Scandalize* all *Knighthood*.  
Thou that hast lay'd *ungodly Hands*,  
Upon the *King's* and *Bishop's Lands*;  
Tore up at Root *Old England's Laws*,  
And on *Religion* set thy *Claws*.  
Thou that by *Rapine*, *Theft*, and *Plunder*,  
Both *King* and *Kingdom* hast brought  
(under,  
And by the sham of *Sequestration*,  
Hast *Robb'd* and *Pillag'd* all the *Nation*;  
And thou who wouldst this very day,  
Take from the *Poor* their *Right* away,  
And under colour of a *Grant*,  
Disturb'st the quiet of a *Saint*,  
At whose *Complaints* w're hither sent,  
Thy vile *Incroachments* to prevent:  
Now stand prepar'd to hear thy sum  
Of *Punishments* as yet to come.

And

And thou base paultry pricklouse do in  
 (Squire they  
 That *Fight'st* and *Pray'st*, and *Pimp'st*, no, fa  
 (for Hire and fr  
 Thou that can'st *Cant*, *Recant* and *Eyebing*  
 To back thy Master's *Villany* ; The K  
 Or what's as bad, to hide thy own :  
 Now stand and hearken to thy *Doom* and a

Says *Dick*, *Dread Sir*, before you pass h m  
 Your *Sentence* 'gainst this *Hudibras* ; The M  
 Or *Ralph* his *Squire*, your *Vassal* begs, How  
 Out of their *Mouths*, you'd take the Atten  
 (Pegs And v  
 And try if they have ought to urge, Are y  
 From these black Crimes, *themselves* to Quot  
 (Purge.

At your *Request* I will allow,  
 A favour I ne'er meant to do ;  
 But as my time is very short,  
 Before I must *Adjourn* the Court ;

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 43

do insist you'd pass your *Word*,  
 they shall not trifle with the *Board*.  
 No, says the *King*, ungag the *Louts*,  
 And from their *Peepers* take the *Clouts*:  
 Being thus restor'd to *Speech* and *Sight*,  
 The Knight view'd *Ralph*, and *Ralph*  
 (the Knight;  
 And after many a heavy *Groan*,  
 The Knight did thus himself bemoan:  
 Pass me! What Dangers do environ,  
 The Man that medleth with cold *Iron*?  
 How many *Drubs* dry *Blows*, and *Scars*  
 Attend poor *Knights* ordain'd to *Wars*?  
 And what is worse, how many more  
 Are yet remaining on the *Score*?  
 Quoth *Ralph*, how many *Pains* and  
 (Frights  
 Attend the *Squires* of *Errant Knights*?  
 How often do their headless *Masters*  
 Bring their poor *Slaves* into *Disasters*?  
 If I had broke a *Leg* or *Arm*,  
 When first with *Aqua vita* warm,  
 You.

44 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

You trick'd me out from peaceful *Dwell*

(ling

To follow you a *Colonelling*,

I had been happily *Secur'd*

From all the Ills I've since endur'd,

And at this instant had been free,

From this *Infernal Companie*.

Whilst you, quoth *Hudibras*, com

(plain,

You only Providence *Arraign* :

'Tis Nonsense in the present *Case*,

To talk what might have come to pass,

If we permitted were to pry,

I'th' *Archives* of *Futurity* ;

No man wou'd run himself in danger,

Who wa'nt to common Sence a *Stran*

(ger.

*Ralph* had reply'd, but says the *King*,

Go one of you the Captives bring.

Ano-

Another Night we must not lose,  
 To hear these Fools themselves accuse.  
 At this a *Rogue* whose *Gaberdine*,  
 Was cover'd with the *Shins* of *Swine*;  
 To th' *Knight* and *Squire* nimbly *Starts*,  
 Saith he, come forth and shew your  
 (Parts.

Then giving *Hudibras* a *Hunch*,  
 Upon his *Breast* the very *Bunch* :  
 And taking *Ralpho* by the *Lugs*,  
 Gave him at least a dozen *tugs* :  
 What must the *Court* expect your com-  
 (ing,  
 Whilst you stay here and *Caps* are  
 (thrumping,  
 Besides, says he, your *Worships* stink,  
 Far worse than *Jakes* disturb'd, or *Sink*,  
 And are so cursedly *Beshit*,  
 There's no enduring in the *Pit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, no Man is Master,  
 Of his *Posteriors* in Disaster.

The

46 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

The *Alderman*, who once let fly,  
Upon th' account of Danger nigh,  
Is not so much to blame, I'm sure,  
As him that did the *Cause* procure.  
Upon the whole, I hope our *Scent*  
Won't so annoy your *Government*,  
But that we may have *Justice* still;  
Altho' we smell a little ill.

And now a little glimmering Light  
Discovers to the *Squire* and *Knight*;  
A *Gang* of hideous *Monsters* drest,  
Both in the shapes of *Men* and *Beasts*  
At sight of which my *Author* says,  
The *Knight* and *Squire* purg'd both ways

After some little pause, quoth Dick  
I hope you won't at *Trifles* stick:  
And since the *Court* by my *Endeavour*,  
Has granted on your good *Behav'our*;  
The *Liberty* of *Sight* and *Tongue*,  
I won't suspect that you should wrong



A freedom, which this *Bench*, till now,  
Did ne'er to *Criminals* allow.

Quoth *Ralph*, I own if we should do it,  
You ought in Justice make us rue it :  
The *Knight* may keep his *stubborn Tem-*  
(per,  
And if he please be *idem Semper* ;  
But I am fully bent to merit  
Your *Friendship*, most renowned *Spirit*.

Says *Hudibras*, thou wicked *Varlet*,  
Thou *Offspring* of a common *Harlot*.  
Is this a *Time* ? Is this a *Place* ?  
Oh! thou eternal *Brazenface* ;  
To *Slight* thy *Master*, and supplant  
(him  
Of Favours that this *Board* wou'd grant  
(him.

It pleas'd the *King* to hear the *Squabble*,  
Between the *Master*, and his *Babble*,  
Who

48 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Who judging he might make some use,  
Of what the *Squire* shou'd first pro  
(duce

Order'd the *Knight* shou'd private be,  
Till *Ralph* had heard his *Destinie*.

Poor *Ralph*, who by the *Fright* almost,  
Was ready to give up the *Ghost* :

And having now no Thought but Death  
Stood trembling like an *Aspin Leaf* ;

Until that *Dick*, who fearing, lest  
That they should overstretch the *Jest*,

Calls out aloud, if you'd be *Safe*,  
You must accuse your *Master, Ralph* :

If you'll do that, I'll pass my word,  
You shall find favour from the *Board*.

At this the *Squire* took heart a' grace,  
First hem'd, and then began his *Case*.

He very ill deserves a *Favour*,

And is a Man of small *Behav'our* ;

Who

Who boggles with a *Bench* of *Justice*,  
 When *Life* and *Liberty* in trust is.  
 As for *Betraying* of my *Master*,  
 A broken Head must have a *Plaster*.  
 A *Master* who is not a *stark Ase*,  
 Will hang his *Man* to save his *Carcase*;  
 And if the *Man* is such an *Elf*,  
 To save his *Master*, hang *Himself*;  
 The *Matter* as't appears to me,  
 Renders the *Man Felo de se*.  
 But now to make the *Business* short,  
 I throw my self upon the *Court*,  
 And will, *so help me God*, endeavour,  
 To merit your *Esteem* for ever.

At this, quoth *Dick*, an't please you  
 (Sir,

This trusty *Squire's* a *subtile Cur*;  
 By the *Expressions* he has utter'd,  
 He knows which *side his Bread* is *Born*.  
 (ter'd,

D

And

50 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

And I'll be shot if he wou'd *Stick*,  
To help to carry on the *Trick*.

'Tis dang'rous trusting, says the *King*  
However if you'll try the *thing*;  
One of the *Fellows* has a *Trimming*,  
Will make the *Squire* look very *Swish*  
(*min*)

Let him be drest, his Hands unboun  
And then the *Question* I'll propound;  
All which was done as soon as said,  
And *Ralph* into the *Court* convey'd.

But oh ! What mortal Wight can tell  
Of *Ralph*, in shape of *Spright* the Smell,  
Who now expected nothing less,  
Than *Transformation* from his Dress ?  
Till both the *King*, and *Dick* unmask'd  
And for the *Aqua Vita* ask'd ;  
And after each had took a *Dram*,  
Thus to the *Squire* the *King* began.

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 51

The *Wretch* you serve, that Vile Pre-  
(tender

To *Saintship*, and a *Conscience Mender*,  
His *Crimes* and *Follies* to compleat,  
At once wou'd the whole *Country Cheat*:  
And by *Enclosures* on these *Downs*,  
Destroy the *Right* of twenty *Towns*.

Quoth *Ralph*, who soon recover'd from  
His State of *Desperation*:  
He has a strong and firm a *Grant*,  
As e'er was given to a *Saint*;  
To *Have and Hold* these *Downs*, in  
(fine,  
For *Years Nine Hundred ninety Nine*.

This, says the *King*, is nothing to  
The *Business* that we want with you;  
We value not how firm and strong  
The *Grant* is; nor indeed how long;

I and my *Ministers* of State,  
Can quickly change both *Strength*

(D  
What we wou'd have you do is this  
You know your *Master's Rogueries*,  
And if you'll keep on the *Disguise*,  
And help us to detect his *Lies* ;  
You'll do an *Act*, perhaps you may,  
Be th' better for another Day.

With all my Heart, quoth *Ralph*,

(Jo  
And help you manage your *Design* ;  
And if I do not clinch the *Knight*,  
Conclude I'm but a bungling *Spright* ;  
At which the Word was given to bring  
*Sir Hudibras* before the *King* ;  
Who putting on a furious Look,  
Crys out, your *Devil* has you forsook  
You're now before a *Judge* and *Jury*,  
Will do you *Justice*, I'll assure you ;

And

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I find  
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I'll  
But  
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Is

And punish you for all your *Crimes*,  
Says *Dick*, in these and former Times.

Well, quoth the *Knight*; and shook  
(his Head,  
I find there's little to be said:  
That I have *Crimes* and not a few,  
With Sorrow I must own is true;  
Yet still I hope among them all  
You will not find one *CAPITAL*.

Not Capital, says *Ralph*, that *Lie*  
Amounts to downright *Perjury*;  
And ought to be esteem'd a *Sort*,  
Of *Trifling* and *Contempt* o'the *Court*.  
I'll prove there is no *Sin* almost,  
But that against the *Holy Ghost*;  
If *Saints* may be allow'd to sin,  
Of which you have not guilty been.

Pray noble *Knight*, to go no further,  
Is *Murd'ring* of the *KING* no *Murder*?

54 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Sweet Sir, consult with your own Reason, Those  
Open Rebellion, Is't not Treason ?

Altho' you varnish't with Pretence,  
Of Liberty and Conscience.

Sir, with your leave, the Court expect On th  
You'd Answer fully and direct ;

And not by way of Metaphor,  
Your Worship is so famous for.

Then give me leave ; are Sequestrations? And  
Are Plundring Towns, and Devastations? That

Are Robbing Churches, Fire and Sword? But  
Your Weapon's in the Hand o' the Lord. Req

Are they not carnal Weapons when I hu  
They're in the Hands of sinful Men? On

And must in spite of all Pretences,  
Amount to Capital Offences.

You are not charg'd with Covenant-

(ing,  
With Canting, Lying, and Recanting :

With forming Plots, and raising Fears,  
To set the People by the Ears :

Those,

Those, and ten thousand such small  
 (Crimes,  
 Are lawful for the *Saints* sometimes ;  
 And therefore we'll not here insist  
 On them, and on the other *List*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I find your *Charge*,  
 In many Points is very *Large* ;  
 And is not in the *Terms of Law*,  
 That *Learned Council* us'd to draw :  
 But since I know that my *Condition*  
 Requires less *Law*, and more *Submission* ;  
 I humbly wou'd desire to know,  
 On which o'the *Articles* you'll go ;  
 Or whether't be your *Pleasure* I,  
 Shou'd to them in the lump *Reply*.

This is meer trifling, Sir, says *Ralph*,  
 And ne'er will bring your *Worship* off ;  
 This *Court* is *Independent* On  
 All *Forms* and *Methods* but its *Own* ;

56 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

And will not be directed by  
 The *Persons* they intend to *Try*.  
 And I must tell you, you're mistaken,  
 If you propose to save your *Bacon* ;  
 By pleading to our *Jurisdiction*,  
 Which will admit of no *Restriction*.  
 Here's no *Appeal*, nor no *Demurror*,  
 Nor after *Judgment Writ of Error*.  
 If you persist to querk and quibble,  
 And on your *Terms* of *Law* to nibble ;  
 The *Court's* determin'd to proceed,  
 Whether you do, or do not *Plead*.

Quoth *Dick*, *Sir Knight*, if you in-  
 (tend  
 Any o'th' *Board* shou'd be your *Friend* ;  
 Let me advise you whilst there's Room,  
 To try to mitigate your *Doom*.  
 As you are on *Destructions* brink,  
 The more you stir, the more you Stink ;  
 'Tis my Opinion, you submit  
 Your self to'th' *Court* ; if you think fit,  
 And



And frank and freely answer to  
Such *Questions* shall be put to you.

Oh ! quoth the poor distressed *Knight*,  
I own your *Friendship* gentle *Spright* ;  
And if my Frank and free *Confession*,  
Can any ways make *Intercession* ;  
I'm ready, as the *Gods* shall save me,  
To answer ev'ry thing you'd have me.

For once, says *Ralph*, we'll take your  
(Word,

And therefore, *Sir*, inform the *Board*  
When first you rais'd a *Regiment*,  
To *Fight* for *KING* and *Parli'ment* ;  
Did you not with the rest agree,  
To extirpate the *Monarchy* ;  
And to *Establiſh* in its stead,  
A *Monst'rous Thing* without a Head ;  
Which after you the *King* had strip'd,  
You vilely *Common-Wealth* yclip'd ?

58 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

Quoth he, to *Flatter* and *Dissemble*,  
Will very ill my *Case Resemble* ;  
Therefore, I own, when we began  
The Work of *Reformation*,  
We purely us'd the Name o'th' KING  
For our *Designs* a *Covering* ;  
And to prevent some *Apprehensions*,  
We fear'd might frustrate our *Inten*  
(*tions*)  
Till we had *Power* to tell you true,  
To root out KING and *Bishops* too.

And then quoth *Ralph*, when that was said  
(done) The

You *Fought* for th' *Parli'ment* alone :  
I query then, was that pure *Zeal*  
For *Publick Good* and *Common Weal* ?  
Or was it not to lay your Hands  
Upon the *Crown* and *Churches Lands*

Indeed, says he, I own a *Spice*,  
Like other *Saints* of either *Vice*.

We

We sought the *Lord* in our *Distress*,  
And when the *Lord* was please to bless  
Our *Undertakings*; then the *Word*  
Was, *Plunder* in the *Name* o'th' *Lord*:  
And so it was, for many Years  
We joyn'd our *Plund'rings* with our  
(*Prayers*;  
And us'd them both so long together,  
Till there was left no room for either.

Quoth *Dick*, you have by this *Confession*,  
Made on the *Court* a deep *Impression* ;  
And if you can so fully clear  
The *Point* has brought your *Worship*  
(here,

? Your *Sentence* will so far be bated,  
That you will only be *Translated*  
To the next Wood, and *Squire Ralph*,  
Shall be releas'd to fetch you off.

# The

58 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

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Therefore, I own, when we began  
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You *Fought* for th' *Parli'ment* alone :  
I query then, was that pure *Zeal*  
For *Publick Good* and *Common Weal* ?  
Or was it not to lay your *Hands*  
Upon the *Crown* and *Churches Lands* ?

Indeed, says he, I own a *Spice*,  
Like other *Saints* of either *Vice*.

We



60 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

The *Knight*, who nothing less suspected  
Than he shou'd be at least *Dissected* ;  
O'er-joy'd, to think that *Ralph* and *He*  
Shou'd both regain their *Libertie* ;  
Replies, what ever you *Require*,  
I'll do to save my *Self* and *Squire*.

Why then, quoth *Dick*, I plainly tell  
(you

The present *Mischief* that's befel you,  
Is not so much for what y'have done,  
In favour of *Rebellion* ;  
As 'tis for your *Pretence* of *Right*,  
To seize these *Downs*, *unworthy Knight*.  
What *Devil* cou'd put it in your head,  
To *Rob* and *Pilfer* from the Dead ;  
For this you must good *Reasons* shew,  
Or else y'are still in *Statu quo*.

This unexpected *Question* dashes  
The *Knight*, who turns as pale as Ashes ;  
And

And stood like One was *Thunder* struck,  
 Or like the *Picture* of ill *Luck* ;  
 Until the *King*, to push him on,  
 Crys out, 'tis time that we were gone ;  
 At break of Day I must determin  
 The *Court*, and therefore if this *Vermin*,  
 Has nothing for himself to say,  
 Gagg him again without Delay.

At which the *Knight*, in *Tone* most dole-  
 (ful,

Crys out aloud, you fill my *Soul* full ;  
 Of such deep *Horror*, I profess,  
 I cannot if I wou'd *Confess*.

None but the *Devil* cou'd draw me  
 (in,

To perpetrate so black a *Sin* ;  
 A *Sin*, which I as much *Repent*,  
 As when at first I gave consent  
 To take the Charge of *Knighthood* on  
 (me,

Which has, alas ! alas ! undone me.

To



62 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

To make things short, quoth *Ralph*,  
(you must  
 Renounce all *Claim to Knighthood* first ;  
 Next you must solemnly *Recant*  
 All your *Pretensions* to a *Saint* ;  
 And after this you must, moreover,  
 Forswear your *Trade of Binding over* :  
 When this is done on your *Repentance*,  
 The *Court* will pass a proper *Sentence*.

Not, says the *King*, till he has *Swore*,  
 That he'll infest these *Downs* no more ;  
 For tho' he shou'd perform the rest,  
 Till that is done, 'tis all a *Jest*.

Well, quoth the *Knight*, if this will  
(do,  
 I'th' Presence of the *Gods* and *You* ;  
 I here *Renounce* the diff'rent *State*,  
 Of *Knighthood*, *Saintship*, *Magistrate*.

And

And lastly, I hereby *Disown*,  
All *Right* and *Title* to the *Down* ;  
Wishing that I may never find  
Rest for my *Body*, *Soul* or *Mind* ;  
In this, or in the other *State*,  
If from the Day this *Vow* bears *Date* ;  
I do in any *Terms* propose,  
The least *Pretensions* to *Inclose*.

Quoth *Ralph*, We take this *Recan-*  
(*tation*,  
Only by way of *Approbation* ;  
But yet not doubting but you will,  
What you have *Vow'd* and *Sworn* ful-  
(*fil* ;  
And not pretend by *innuendo*,  
All this was done *Se defendendo*.

Shou'd he turn tail, by *Jove*, quoth  
(*Dick*,  
And try to serve Us a *Dog Trick*,  
I'd

64 DUNSTABLE DOWNS.

I'd quickly raise about his *Ears*,  
Ten thousand *Ghosts of Cavaliers*;  
That back shou'd drag him to this

(CAVE,  
Where he such *Punishments* shall have;  
That *Errant Knight* in *Days of Yore*,  
Ne'er underwent the like before.

*At which the King, to end the Sport,*  
*Stands up, and so Adjourns the COURT.*



E S-



# ESSAY.

By Mr. BUTLER.

**W**hen *Henry's* Fury first grew  
 (tame,  
 For sober Love he left the Game.  
 When Father call'd the youthful Stub-  
 (born,  
 From lewd *Milk-Bank*, to pious *Woborn*;  
 As well from Broils and being Drunk,  
 As from his nasty Chopt-kneed Punk;  
 Whose Honesty he'd often Swear for,  
 Tho' he cou'd never tell us wherefore:

His



The difference was so small, his Brain  
Out-weigh'd his Rage but half a Grain ;  
Which makes some take him for a Slave,  
Which Fools do work with, call'd a  
(Knaves.

We grant, altho' he had much *Wit*,  
H'was very shy of using it ;  
For he left all his polish'd Words  
Lockt fast up with his fighting Swords ;  
As being loth to wear 'em out,  
And therefore bore 'em not about ;  
Unless unto the *Park*, or so,  
As Sparks their best Apparel do.  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of Frowns and Oaths, a Man's no  
(Horse ;

He'd prove a *Buzzard* is no Fowl,  
And my Lord A——ll was no *Owl* ;  
That his fair Countess was no W——,  
And that a Window is no Door.

For

For *Rhetoric* he never cap'd,  
 But all the croud of *Link-Boys* stop'd ;  
 Ravish'd at his most potent Speeches,  
 As hungry Dogs at unty'd Breeches.  
 His well-bred Ord'nary Discourse,  
 Was *Swearing*, *Baudy*, or else worse ;  
 A *Southerlandish* Dialect,  
 Which Learned *Bulleys* much affect :  
 It was a Party-colour Dress,  
 Of Patch'd and Py-bald Languages ;  
 For he cou'd Coyn and Counterfeit,  
 New Words, with little or no *Wit* ;  
 Words that were more debas'd and  
 (hard,  
 Than a soft Brain could well have  
 (spar'd.

Thus was he Gifted, and Accoutred,  
 We mean on th' inside, not on th' out-  
 (ward ;

For next of all we shall discourse,  
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.

His



His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace,  
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face :  
The Wight about his Hips did wad-

(dle,

As if his Back, had wore a Saddle ;  
On which h'as often wish'd his Sire,  
To lay a Broylng on the Fire :  
His Sword puissant on the side  
Of his triumphant Thigh did Ride ;  
The hilt of which, with blows was

(burst,

Where Ladies did their Honor trust,  
Tho' long before 'twas lay'd in dust.  
I'th' Holsters at his Saddle bow,  
Two bright-scrub'd *Pistols* he did stow,  
Stuff'd up with *Ink*, and *Quills*, an

(*Paper*,

As useful to him as his *Rapier*.

Thus clad, and fortify'd, our *HARRY*  
Left peaceful Home, resolv'd to *Marry*.

A *Squire* he had, whose Name was And

(Tom

To help him drag his Widow Home; For

Tho' our good Breeding doth inform

(us As th

'Twere civiller to call him *Thomas* :

Never did trusty *Squire* with *Knight*,

Or *Knight* with *Squire* jump more

(right

For those Perfections which one want

(ed

Providence had to th' other granted :

The *Squire* was useful to Indite ;

Or, as the World reports, the *Knight*

Hardly knew how to *Read*, or *Write*.

On th' other side; the *Knight* cou'd

(Sing

*Drink*, *Roar*, and *Dance*, or any thing

But speak poor Sense; which he de

(spiseth

Knowing his *Squire* hath what sufficeth

And

An ESSAY.

71

And so we leave them. May they  
(speed ; }  
For ne'er poor *Knight* had greater  
(need : }  
As they go on, we shall proceed.



*Jane*



JANE SHORE,  
AND  
King EDWARD

---

*The Tune, St. George and the Dragon*

---

WHY shou'd we boast of *Lancaster*  
 (and her Knights  
 Knowing such Champions entrapt by  
 (Whorish Lights  
 Or why shou'd we speak of *Thais* cure  
 (led Locks  
 Or *Rhodope*, that gave so many Men  
 (the Pox

Read old Stories and there you shall

(find,

How *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she pleas'd

(King *Edward's* Mind.

*Jane Shore*, she was for *England*, Queen

(*Fridegond* for *France* ;

*Honi Soit qui mal y pense.*

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too

(long to tell ;

And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls,

(how far they did excel ;

Those with *Scythian* Lads ingag'd in

(several Fights ;

And in the brave *Venerean* Wars did

(foil adventurous Knights :

*Messaline* and *Julia*, were Vessels won-

(d'rous brittle ;

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, took down

(King *Edward's* Mettle.

*Jane Shore* she was, &c.

74 JANE SHORE and

*Thalestris* of *Thermodon* she was  
 (Doughty Wight  
 She Conquer'd *Pella's* King i'the Ex  
 (ercise of Night  
*Hercules* slew the *Dragon*, whose Teeth  
 (were all of Brass  
 Yet he himself became a slave unto the  
 (*Lydian* Lais  
 The *Theban Semele* lay with *Jove*, not  
 dreading all his Thunder;  
 But *Jane Shore* o'ercame King *Edward*,  
 (altho' he had her under  
*Jane Shore* she was, &c.

*Helen* of *Greece*, she came of *Spartan*  
 Blood;  
*Ægiale* and *Cressida* they were brave  
 (Whores, and good;  
 Queen *Clytemnestra* boldly slew Old  
 (*Æreus* mighty Son;  
 And Fair *Hesione* pull'd down the  
 (Strength of *Telamon*;  
 These

King EDWARD. 75

These were the Ladies that caus'd the  
(*Trojan Sack* ;

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she spoil'd  
(*King Edward's Back*.

*Jane Shore she was*, &c.

For this the ancient Writers did great  
(*Venus Deify*,

Because with her own Father, *Jove*, she  
(feared not to Lye:

Hence *Cupid* came, who afterward re-  
(veng'd his loving Mother,

And made kind *Biblis* do the like with  
*Caunus* her own Brother ;

And afterward the Goddess kept *Adonis*  
(for Reserve ;

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she Stretch'd  
*King Edward's Nerve*.

*Jane Shore she was*, &c.



76 JANE SHORE *and*

The *Colchean* Dame *Medea*, her Fa-  
 (ther did betray,  
 And taught her Lover *Jason* the vigi-  
 (lant *Bull* to slay;  
 And after thence convey'd away her  
 (Father's Golden Fleece,  
 She with her Lover Sail'd away, in *Ar-*  
 (go's Ship to *Greece*:  
 But finding *Jason* false, she burnt his  
 (Wife and Court;  
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she show'd  
 (King *Edward* Sport.  
*Jane Shore she was, &c.*

*Romix* of *Saxony* the *Welch* State o-  
 (verthrew,  
*Igræyn* of *Cornwal*, *Pendragon* did sub-  
 (due;  
 Queen *Quiniver* with *Arthur* Fought,  
 (single hand to hand,  
 Tho' afterward she made Horns upon  
 (his Head to stand;  
*And*

And to Sir *Mordred Pictish*, Prince, a  
(*Paramore* became :  
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made  
(King *Edward Tame*.  
*Jane Shore*, &c.

*Morozia* of *Italy*, see how she stout-  
(ly copes,  
With *Jesuits*, *Priests*, *Cardinals*, and  
(*Triple-crowned Popes* !  
And with King *Henry*, *Rosamond*, spent  
(many a Dallying Hour,  
Till lastly Poyson'd by the Queen in  
(*Woodstock's* fatal Bower :  
And *Joan* of *Ark* play'd in the Dark,  
(with Knights of *Languedock* ;  
But *Jane Shore* met King *Edward*, and  
(gave him Knock for Knock.  
*Jane Shore*, &c.

78 JANE SHORE and

*Pasiphae*, we know, play'd Feats with  
 (the *Cretan Bull*;  
 And *Proserpine*, tho' so Divine, became  
 (black *Pluto's Trull*;  
 The *Spanish Bawd* her Strumpets taught  
 (to lay their Legs astride,  
 But these and all their Curtizans, *Jane*  
 (*Shore* did them deride:  
 Pope *Joan* was Right, altho' she did the  
 (Papal Sceptre wield;  
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made  
 King *Edward* yield.  
 Jane Shore, &c.

*Agathoclea* and *Eanthe* did govern  
*Egypt's King*;  
 The Witty Wench of *Andover*, she was  
 (a pretty thing;  
 She freely took her Lady's place, and  
 (with great *Edgar Dally'd*,  
 And with main force she Foil'd him  
 (quite, altho' he often Rally'd:  
 For

For which brave Act, he that her Rack'd,  
(gave her his Lady's Land ;  
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Ed-*  
(ward did command.  
*Jane Shore, &c.*

Of *Phrine*, and of *Lamia*, Historians  
(have related,  
How their illustrious Beauties two Ge-  
(nerals Captivated :  
And they that in the days of Yore kill'd  
(Men, and sack'd their Cities,  
In Honour of their Mistresses composed  
(Amorous Ditties :  
Let *Flora* Gay, with *Romans* Play, and  
(be a Goddess call'd ;  
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Ed-*  
(ward she enthrall'd.  
*Jane Shore, &c.*

80 JANE SHORE and

The jolly Tanner's Daughter; *Arles*  
 (of *Normandy*,  
 She only had the Happiness to please  
 (Duke *Robert's* Eye;  
 And *Roxolane*, altho' a slave, and born  
 (a *Grccian*,  
 Cou'd with a Nod, Command and Rule,  
 (Grand Signior *Solomon*:  
 And *Naples Joan*, wou'd make them  
 (groan, that ardently did Love her;  
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, and King  
 (*Edward* he did shove her.  
 Jane Shore, &c.

*Aspatia* does of the *Persian* Brothers  
 (boast;  
 Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Lapthean* Boy,  
 (*Jane Shore* shall rule the Rost.  
*Cleopatra* lov'd *Marc Antony*, and *Brune*.  
 (hault she did Feats,  
 But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were  
 (but meerly Cheats:  
 Brave.

King EDWARD. 81

Brave Carpet Knights in Cupid's Fights,  
(their Milk-white Rapiers drew ;  
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King Ed-  
(ward did Subdue.

*Jane Shore*, &c.

*Hamlet's* Incestuous Mother, was  
(*Gertrude*, *Denmark's* Queen ;  
And *Circe*, that Inchanting Witch, the  
(like was scarcely seen :  
*Warlike Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian*  
(Whore  
To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which  
(did her adore ;  
But brave King *Edward*, who before  
(had gain'd Nine Victories,  
Was fetter'd like a Bond-slave, with  
(*Jane Shore's* All-conquering Thighs.  
*Jane Shore*, she was for *England*, Queen  
(*Fridegone* for *France* ;  
*Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

E 5

The



The Quarrel  
Between Frank and Nan.

---

The Argument.

Nan and Frank, two quondam Friends,  
In which they'd both their private Ends;  
Fell from Love to sudden Wrath;  
Much ado is 'twixt 'em both:  
Many a Whore and Rogue is call'd,  
But oh! brave Frank, the Bawd is maul'd.

C A N T O.

OF civil Dudgeon many a Bard  
Has Sung, and Tales have oft been  
(heard,  
Much in Verse, and much in Prose,  
Of ancient Friends grown ardent Foes:  
From



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ard,

oes:  
rom



*Frank & Nan.*

*vol. 3. p. 1.*

*The Quarrel between, &c.* 83

From this Position I'm about,  
To tell you how two Friends fell out ;  
The dearest Two, the kindest Pair, }  
That e'er each other's Heart did share, }  
Damsel and Hero, Fat and Fair.

The noble Hero, who not knows  
Order attends where e'er he goes ;  
And in his even dealing Hand,  
He always bears a Pow'rful Wand, }  
The Badge of Office and Command : }  
Frequent at Lady W\_\_\_\_s doore,  
H' has stood upon a well-known Score ;  
Which the poor Jew, Sir John has seen  
Full oft, and curs'd the Turk within.

Who not Admires the Damsel bright,  
That ever Trapes'd the *Mall* by Night ?  
Who, that ever had Occasion,  
For any Filthiness in Season ?  
Many a Bed and Basket full  
She has put off of Trash and Trull.

In :



*Frank & Nan.*

*vol. 3. p. 1.*

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In

84      *The Quarrel Between*

In short, their Virtues well are known,  
Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has  
(blown;

For long has mighty Clamor ran,  
Of honest *Frank*, and modest *Nan* :  
At length these two from harmless  
(Prattle,

At last proceed to direful Battle.

There is a time ( as th' Author has  
(it

That writes the Treatise call'd the *Gazet*;  
(In many things by him related)

When *White-hall* is Evacuated ;  
That is, when the Court and Prince are  
Catching *Agues* all at *Windsor* :

For in *Greenland* as they write,  
The whole Year's but one Day and  
(Night ;

So of late, it has been here,  
Only Sunshine half the Year :

And,





86      *The Quarrel between*

far from the Court, that so the rest,  
That yet were found, might scape the  
Pest;

But as that Vile Disease, the *Itch*,  
Does some leud Natures so bewitch;  
That it they always choose to Catch,  
For meer Indulgence but to Scratch:  
So Faction does with some prevail,  
For a bare colour but to Rail.

Honest *Frank* was one of these,  
In's Heart, lov'd them, and their Dis-  
(ease;

Honest *Frank*, who's but a Noddy,  
Yet Rails as well as any body:

And, as sacred Libels show,  
Publish'd not many Days ago:

A certain Lord was but a Cur;  
(To which Opinion few demur:)

So honest *Frank*, might I speak, Mine  
Is naturally something Canine:

For as some Cur, whom's Master owns,  
To love, and gives him Crufts and Bones;

Tho'

Tho' kindly fed, will yet be running  
 Abroad, where Carrion lies a Sunning;  
 So *Frank*, tho' he no filling need,  
 On rotten Faction loves to feed;  
 With which, when he does back resort,  
 He stinks intolerable at Court?  
 And for Occasions of this nature,  
 Has been of late a lazy Creature;  
 Tho' better had he minded Duty,  
 And so escap'd this War with Beauty.

Beauty, which shines in *Nancy's* Face,  
 As much as he does in his Place:  
 Majestic Wrinkles deck her Brow,  
 And godly glaring Eyes below;  
 That still with *Maudlin* kindness shine,  
 The soft Effects of Brandy Wine.  
 Rich Carbuncles adorn her Nose,  
 The Envy of her sober Foes:  
 And from her Lips Discourses fall,  
 That make her Welcome to *Whitehall*.

Whe-

Whether one Day she enter'd Shining,  
Just as *Frank* was come from Dining:  
But who the Sequel cou'd have guess'd,  
To see how they at first Caress'd ;  
How Cheek by Jowl they kindly walk'd,  
And with what tenderness they talk'd!

My dearest *Nan*, says he, what  
(Whores  
Are Freshest now? Quoth *Nan* my  
(Doors,  
Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive  
A Lover, since you last took leave :  
Whom still to serve my Will remains,  
Tho' you ne'er Pay me for my Pains.  
Pay thee, (quoth he) *Nan* ! Pay for  
(Wenching?  
When ev'n our Tables are Retrench-  
(ing?  
Say *Nancy*, Ah ! thou falsely fearest :  
'Tis Love I want ; not Coyn, my Dearest :

'Tis

'Tis thee I Love, 'tis thee I dote on,  
More then a Child that puts New Coat  
(on :

To see thee Walk, I love thy Trip,  
I Love the Dops upon thy Lip ;  
Thy just Cravat, thy Reg'lar Wig,  
My little Pug, my Dapper Pig.

When with Desire of the I stretch,  
I've no *Sciatica*, nor Stich.

Quoth *Frank*, in Rage ; Avant, you  
(Bitch.

Have I, for this, through all my Life,  
Kept civil distance with my Wife ;  
Study'd fine Speeches from *Romances*,  
And in my Age led Country Dances ?

Do I for this, ev'n at this Hour,  
Cheat every Creature in my Pow'r ;  
Gripe from the Poor the utmost Far-  
(thing,

To keep my Credit up at Carding ?

Do I for this affect a Grace,

And Paint my old *John-Apple* Face ;

Only

Only to have a Bawd Adore me ;  
 No, I'll have Virgins fall before me.

Virgins, quoth *Nan* ! and then she

(hung

A Tongue out, full two Handfuls long,  
 And with Desire, or Malice stung,  
 Lick'd o'er the thickest painted Place,  
 And spoil'd entirely that Day's Face.  
 But who can speak the Noise and Din,  
 The Fury that did then begin ;  
 The Oaths, the Outcries, and the Blows,  
 When *Francis* catching *Nancy's* Nose,  
 With furious gripe, expressing Hate ;  
 Squeez'd Nine large Insects out of that :  
 Then, with a Shock upon her Chest,  
 So stirr'd the Brandy in her Breast ;  
 That an Eructive Sigh she sent,  
 Which, as it through the Region went,  
 Such wond'rous Influence did bear,  
 A soaring Owl dropt headlong there,  
 Drunk with Sophisticated Air ;

Which

Which Omen much ill Luck bespoke,  
 For, the next Tilt, the Hero broke.  
 The famous Wand describ'd above,  
 The Ensign of his Pow'r and Love:  
 But at the same time Conquest got,  
 And doom'd the Vanquish'd Bawd to  
 (Pot:  
 To Porter's Lodge he sent her Jogging,  
 To Purchase Liberty by Flogging:  
 And thus concluded was the Fray,  
 Betwixt the Knight and Lady Gay.





SATYR on the  
PLAYERS.  
(1679.)

THE Censuring World, perhaps,  
[may not esteem  
A Satyr on so Scandalous a Theme,  
As a Stage Ape ; yet, merely for the  
[sake  
Of Novelty, I'll once a Tryal make :  
For who can hold, to see the Foppish  
[Town,  
Admire so sad a Wretch as *Betterton* ;



Is't for his Legs, his Shoulders, or his  
 [Face,  
 His Former Stiffness, or his Aukward  
 [Grace?  
 A Shop for him had been the fittest  
 Place.

But Brawny *Tom* the Play-house needs  
 [must chuse,  
 The Villains Refuge, the Whores Rea-  
 [de'vouse.

Then in comes *Smith*, that murders  
 [every Shape,  
 The crying Lover, and the Squinting  
 [Ape;  
 So very dull in both, that you may see,  
 Sorrow turn'd Mirth, and Mirth turn'd  
 [Tragedy:  
 Passion he Ridicules; so whines, and  
 [crys,  
 That you wou'd swear, He somewhat  
 [more than Dyes;  
 Then

Then, by his Antick Postures, Men of  
[Sense] Unnat

Do say, He plays *Jack Puddin*, not a  
[Prince] To lea

Since so it is, *Will*, e'en in time be  
[wise] Roa

Stick to the Bottle; there thy Talent  
[lyes] Scand

But, for the Stage, (Conceited, Mala-  
[pert] The

Thou'rt worse than Strowling *Coish*, or  
[strutting *Burr*.] Drum

You Smock-fac'd Lads, secure your  
[gentle Bums;] Alar

For, full of Lust and Fury, see, he comes! Doe

'Tis Bugg'ring *Nokes*, whose damn'd  
[unwieldy T—] r G

Weeps, to be bury'd in his Foreman's  
[A—]

Un-

Unnatural Sinner, Lecher without  
[Sence,  
To leave kind Whores, to dive in Ex-  
[crements!

Roaring mad *Cave*, is the Reproach  
[o'th' Age;  
Scandal to all, but the Lewd, shameless  
[Stage:  
The Coffee-houses, and the Taverns  
[Scum,  
Drunk every Night, the Looby, tumb-  
[ling home :

Alarms the Watch. His chiefeft Elo-  
[quence,  
Does lye in many Oaths, and little  
[Sence:  
I' Gad, he'd make a swinging Evi-  
[dence!

But

But now, the Character of one you'll  
 [Read,  
 Who strove so long a Fool to be be-  
 liev'd,  
 That at the last he is a Fool indeed:  
 Witness his Bant'ring Nonsense and  
 [his Noise,  
 Stealing from Stall, and Fooling with  
 [the Boys  
 If still thou Play'st such Tricks, the  
 [World shall see  
 The difference 'twixt *Jack Sparks*,  
 [and *Tony Lee*,  
 Which is the silly'st Cur, the Dog or  
 [thee.

The next might e'en have Acquiesc'd;  
 [but he,  
 Big with the hopes of Popularity,  
 Must Play again: Altho' it be Decreed  
 That Wise Prophetick shou'd his Omen  
 [Read.  
 When

When first he strutted on, faith, I was

[there :

Who's there, cry all ? A Poppet, not a

[Player.

But, when he nam'd a God, the

[Sparks did fear,

The very Pop wou'd make a God

[appear;

A God to him's no more than

[Bottle Beer.]

*Goodman* the Thief swears 'tis all Wo-

[mens Lots

To dote upon his Ugliness, and Pox.

Many by common Punks have been

[betray'd ;

But to be Jilted by a silly Maid,

Is a damn'd thing : *Wiltshire*, I'd be

[asham'd,

At last among the Cuckolds to be

[nam'd :

Vol. III.

F

Thou'dst

Thou'dst better still have led a Whoring  
 [Life  
 Than to be plagu'd with Poverty and  
 [Wife

*Jevon's* chief Bus'ness is to Swear and  
 [Eat  
 He'll turn Procurer for a Dish of Meat  
 Else the poor Hungry Ruffian must  
 [fear  
 Live on gray Pease and Salt for half the  
 [Year

The rest, tho' moving in a lower  
 [Sphere  
 Are no less Villains than their Masters  
 [are  
 So Sharping, and so Insolent a Crew  
 Long as old *Tyburn* stood, it never knew

But Fame does say, their equals you  
 [may find  
 Of th' other Sex ; so lewd in every  
 [kind,  
 You'd swear that Rogue and Whore  
 [had both combin'd.

*Imprimis, Slingsby* has the fatal Curse,  
 A Lady's Honour, with a Player's Purse :

Tho' now ~~he~~ is so plaguy Haughty  
 [grown,  
 Yet, Gad, my Lady, I a time have  
 [known,

When a dull Wiggish *Poet* wou'd go  
 down.

That Scene's now chang'd ; but pr'y-  
 [thee, dowdy Beast,  
 Think not thy self an Actress in the  
 [least ;



For sure thy Figure ne'er was seen be-  
 [fore :  
 Such Arse-like Breasts, stiff Neck, and  
 [Menstruous gore,  
 Are certain Antidotes against a  
 [Whore.]

But Antiquated S—! Swears in  
 [rage,  
 She knows not what's the Lewdness of  
 [the Stage :  
 And I believe her, now her Days are  
 [past ;  
 Who'd tempt a Wretch that on meer  
 [force is Chast ?  
 Yet in her Youth, none was a greater  
 [W— :  
 Her lumpish Husband Og can tell you  
 [more.

There's

*the* P L A Y E R S. 101

There's one, Heav'n bless us ! By her

[curst Pride,

Thinks from the World her brutish Lust

[to hide ;

But will that pass in her, whose only

[Sence,

Does lye in Whoring, Cheats, and Im-

[pudence ?

One that is *Pox* all o'er, *Barry* her Name,

That mercenary, Prostituted Dame ;

Whose nauseous A— like *Tony's Tap*

[does Run :

Unpity'd Fool, that can't her Ulcer

shun !

Tho' like a Hackny Jade, just tir'd be-

[fore,

And all her little fulsom Stock run o're ;

Tho' Faces are distorted *with meer pain,*

So that wry Mouth ne'er since came

right again :

Yet Ten times more she'd bear for

[slavish gain.

Impudent *Sarah* thinks she's prais'd  
 [by all,  
 Mistaken Drab, back to thy Mother's  
 [Stall;  
 And there sell *Savin*, which thou'dst  
 [prov'd so well,  
 'Tis a rare thing, that Belly cannot  
 [swell:  
 Thou art as leud, and as Debauch'd  
 [as Hell.]

Fam'd *Butler's* Wiles are now so  
 [common grown,  
 That by each Feather'd Cully she is  
 [known:  
 So that at last, to save 'her tott'ring  
 [Fame,  
 At Music Club she strives to get a  
 [Name;  
 But Money is the Syren's chieftest  
 [Aim.]

At

At Treats, her squeamish Stomach can-  
[not bear,  
What Amorous Spark provides with  
[Cost and Care ;  
But, if she's Hungry, faith I must be  
[free,  
She'll for a Meal shew her Comodity.

What is't, a Pox makes *Petty* seem  
[to be  
Of so demure, pretended Modesty ?  
When 'tis apparent she'll in Private  
[prove,  
As Impudent as any Punk of Love ?  
Strangers she fears ; so cares not much  
[to roam,  
While she can have a Sharer's *Pr---*at  
[Home.

*Currer*, 'tis time thou wert to *Ireland*,

[gone ;

Thy utmost Rate is here but Half a

[Crown :

Ask T—r if thou art not fulsom

[grown ?]

*Sue P—* I so long has known the

[Stage,

She grows in Lewdness faster than in

[Age;

From Eight or Nine she there has Jilt.

[ing been,

So calls that Nature, which is truly Sin.

Her *Coffee* Father too's so basely?

[poor,

And such a hireling ; that he'll hold !

[the Door,

Be Pimp himself, that she may play

[the Whore.]

## Once.

Once *Tmyford* had some Modesty ;  
 [but she,  
 Her Husband being close in Custody,  
 Wou'd be unkind to let him Famish  
 [there :  
 So Sins for Guineas, to provide him  
 [Fare.

But *Osborn* moves in a Religious  
 [strain,  
 She'll Jilt and Pray, and Pray and Jilt  
 [again ;  
 Sure now her Jilting Praying days are  
 [o're,  
 Who'd have an Ugly, Old, yet Zealous  
 [Whore ;

Then *Norris*, and her Daughter,  
 [pleasant are,  
 One's very young, the other desperate }  
 [Fair : }  
 A very equal, well-proportion'd Pair. }

The Girl's of use, faith, as the matter  
[goes,  
She plays the Whore to get her Father's  
[Cloaths.

I've pleas'd my self: Now Criticks  
[do your worst,  
And he that Fears your Malice may be  
[Curst.







Which long th' Attacks of pelting-Boys  
(had bore,  
And *Prentice*, storming for sububion  
(Whore;  
Scene of leud Nymphs, and of polluted  
(Strains,  
Where now a Lordly *Pile*, (so Fate  
[ordains)  
Stands, and surveys around the hum-  
(ble Plains:  
Goodly and great ; provided as a Fence  
'Gainst all the Batt'rys of Thought or  
(Sence.  
There witty raving Wretches howl and  
(cry,  
And with their Woes divert the Stand-  
(ers by:  
*Sylvia* in Straw on her *Alexis* calls,  
And paints Love's Charcoal Emblems  
(on the Walls;  
The dark Inhabitants ne'er see the Day,  
But the wild Motion of the *Moon* obey.  
\* *Bedlam*. . . . . There,

There, in a Den, remov'd from hu-  
 (mane Eyes,  
 Possess'd with Muse, a Brain-sick *Poet*  
 lyes,

Too miserably wretched to be nam'd;  
 For Plays, for Heroes, and for Passion  
 (fam'd.:

Thoughtless he raves his sleepless Hours  
 (away,  
 In Chains all Night; and Darknes all  
 (the Day.

And if he gets some Intervals from  
 (Pain,

The Fit returns, he foams, and bites,  
 (the Chain.

His Eye-balls roul, and he grows  
 (mad again.

The Application's fair: Be wise in  
 (time,

Avoid the youthful Appetite of Rhime;  
 Beware,

Beware, and be before-hand with your  
(Fate:

Once in the Gin, Repentance comes too  
(late:

Your gilding Muse is like your pra  
(tis'd Whore,

Cheats, wheedles on, and keeps her  
(Cully poor:

In vain you struggle from the Charm to  
(part:

In vain you strive to disengage your  
(Heart:

So Spark, abus'd by Mistress, rag'd and  
(swore:

And vow'd he ne'er wou'd see *Olinda*  
(more:

But, the Fit over, to her Arms he  
(flies,

Doats, rages, swears, loves, lan-  
(guishes and dyes,

And courts new Ruin from her light-  
(ning Eyes.)

Soldiers

Soldiers and Wits the same hard Fate

(has damn'd ;

Both toil for Conquest in a Fairy Land :

Yet, though alike, all labour in the

(Chace,

One has the Laureat's, one the Gene-

(ral's Place.

What Volunteer that ever trail'd a Pen

Of all the Adventurers, since mighty

(Ben,

Has ever found in these our starving

(Days,

For all his Golden Hours, but paultry

(Bays ;

An hungry Moiety of stinted Praise ?

Else why shou'd *Manly* that reform'd

(the Age,

And first show'd Wit and Nature on the

(Stage,

Immur'd in Prison, under Durance sit,

After such deathless Monuments of

(Wit?

*Tate*

*Tate* I cou'd pitty, and his wretched  
 (Life,  
 Chain'd to a Muse, and wedded to a  
 (Wife:  
 Wrack'd by his Wants, to Farce and  
 (Drols obscene;  
 And, from a Poet, turn'd an Harliquin.

But *S—le*, that incorrigible Owl,  
 That Composition of a Knave and  
 (Fool,  
 Whipt by his Needs, 'gainst Wit and  
 (Sense to write,  
 Forc'd to turn honest in his own Despite,  
 Let him to atone his bold Presump-  
 (tuous Crime,  
 Like Bridewel Criminals, each Day  
 (beat Rhime:  
 And may his Portion and Allowance be  
 Just what he earns from Wit and Po-  
 etry ;  
 'Till.

Till Maceration lets the Booby find,  
Such fat fed Clowns were ne'er for Wit  
(design'd.

*Mac Fleckno*, for the Mirth of Man.  
(kind fram'd,  
For Magick Broomsticks, and for  
(Witches fam'd,  
In vain to strive by Poetry essay'd ;  
His Muse and Wife e'en spoil'd the Po:  
(ets Trade :  
Yet he jogs on in Measure hard and  
(rude ;  
A wretched Rhimer, pennyless and leud.

*D—y* that rhimes as Squirril jingle  
(Bells,  
For Sonnets fam'd as far as *Epsom* Wells ;  
That prates and talks for Almonds like  
(a Parret  
Sings Roundelays and Stanza's in a  
(Garret ;  
If



If he does sometimes keep his Car.

(navall,

To make their Graces merry at New.

(ball

All after that is lent, and Penury :

Even *Joseph Hindmarch* now has laid

(him by,

And vows he ne'er will trade in's

(Poetry.)

Thus hopeleſs Pence from Epick Bays

(to drain,

*Jockey* and *Moggy* makes him eat again.

*R—mer* the great, of Wit and Parts

(profound,

With everlaſting Laurels be he crown'd;

To whom ſoft *Ovid's* Sacred Shade's

(indebted,

And thanks him for an Elegie tranſlated:

Matchleſs his Stile, and worthy of a

(Crown,

Where headlong Booby Torrents blu-

(der down;

But

But where, *Pen* weaves 'till her poor

(Fingers ake,

Bless me, ye nine ! My Wonder who

(can speak ?

I read and kiss, and turn it o'er again,

And bless the Beauteous Offspring of

(thy Brain:

Go on, bright *Bard*, and teach thy hap-

(py Lire-

A Strain, which after Ages may ad-

(mire :

*Fleckno*, and thou his Colleague in the

(War,

The States against the Realm of Sense

(declare :

Like Kings of *Brentford* Hand in Hand

(shall sit,

The Target thou, and he the Flail of

Wit.

*Marcellus* thus the Sword of *Rome* did

(wield,

Whilst his wise Fellow-Consul held the

(Shield:

*Astrea*,

*Astrea*, with her soft gay sighing  
 (Swains,  
 And Rural Virgins on the flowry Plains,  
 The lavish Peers profuseness may Re-  
 [prove,  
 Who gave her Guineas for the *Ile of*  
 [Love,  
 Glump *R---raft*, and tedious *Johne*  
 [C---n,  
 Who by Court *Masks*, and *Novels*  
 [reaps Renown;  
 And *Bank's* for *Bays* that left the  
 [Lawyers Gown:  
 I leave to *Crambo*, Dullness and Tran-  
 [station,  
 To view more Modern Follies of the  
 [Nation.

Pert Dull *French Drolls*, th' *Italian*  
 [*Petroline*,  
*Andrews* of *English* Growth, we oft have  
 [seen;  
 (But

But who wou'd e'er expect to see or  
[hear,  
From a Grave *Bard* above his Fift'h  
[Year ;

*Morrocco Zambra's* on our Theatre ?

If he goes on, as Heaven avert our fears  
Down goes the Amphitheatre of *Bears* ;  
Our *English* Mettle will be out of Doors,  
And Sport succeed, and Pastime of the

[*Moors* :

*Bull* Feasts, instead of *Bears*, and bro-  
[ken Skulls ;

And fierce *Almanzor's* Launcing of the  
[*Bulls*.

Thus have I sung, in Measure Rough,  
[and Broken,

What in plain Prose, much better might  
[be Spoken ;

And show'd the vanity of most that  
[Write,

From the dull fifth Rate, to your first  
[Rate, Wit :

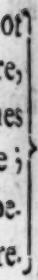
Even

118 A SATYR, &c.

Even my own dearest self I do not  
 (spare,  
 But my own folly by my Rhimes  
 (declare;  
 To bid the Brethren of the Quill be-  
 ware.

So *Newgate* Criminal, with heavy  
 (Heart,  
 Lugg'd to long Home in pensive *Holborn*  
 (Cart;  
 Sings Psalms of Grace, e'er Halter close  
 (his Eyes,  
 And warns his Comrades to Repent,  
 [then Dyes





heavy  
heart;  
born  
art;  
clock  
eyes,  
pent,  
eyes

10-10-10

art;  
clock

Oyes

Our Ruin oft may from Ambition)

(How, (

(to show, )

The

From

From whence we gather this undoubt.

[ed Rule,

A Husband's next Relation to a Fool;

Which being a Truth that none can

[disallow,

What can we think of our unthinking

[*How,*

Who rashly wasted all the Sweets of

[Life,

To be th' unpity'd Object of a Wife?

A Wife, under whose Yoke he's doom'd

[to bear,

That Arbitrary sway he us'd to fear.

Justly she does the injur'd Ladies

[right,

Unjustly Persecuted by his Spight,

When his chief bus'ness was to Rail

[and Write:

O! how the Sex will Laugh, to see the

[Man,

Who in loose Satyr has done all he can,

To



of MATRIMONY. 121

To set the Husband and the Spouse at

[ Strife,

Satyr'd himself so sharply in a Wife !

When Bullets fly, Warriors are safe

[ in Mail,

But what Defence, what Armour can

[ prevail

Against the Bosom Curse of Tooth

[ and Nail ? ]

F---land plods on in the same Path ;

[ and yet

Has the Ambition to be thought a Wit ;

When he's the truest Glass, in which

[ we see,

How vile a thing a Hen-peck'd Chit

[ may be :

The loss of Freedom long h'has mourn'd

[ in vain ;

But will be longer e'er 'tis found a-

[ gain :

And

And may that be the Fate of ev'ry Fool  
That's govern'd there, where he has  
(Pow'r to Rule.

There's *L---cy* too, whose Follies to  
(express,  
Wou'd be as hard a Task as to redress;  
For let the World be Judge, (as sure it  
[will])

If h'had not better kept the Player still,  
Tho' now and then he might have the  
(misshap

To get that mark of Gentleman, a Clap  
Than Marry home-bred Punk without a  
(Groats

And (which is worse) not find the Peace  
(he fought

In this vain Rank *Ger---rd* the Fop  
(may pass

That whiffling, whimsical, fantastic Ass;

Be

Beneath the Curse of Matrimonial strife,  
Tho' none can be more wretched in a

[Wife :

What Man beside himself, cou'd be so

[dull,

So void of that which shou'd have poiz'd

[his Scull,

To Wed a Jilt in height of Lust and

[Youth?

And madly think to beat her into Truth.

When with all Modesty I dare main- }

[tain,

That he may grow as Wise, as now }

[he's Vain'

E'er that false scouring Drab turns }

[True again, }

Nor is insipid *Stamf*----d less to

[blame,

In Wife and Wit his Case is much the

same :

Well might he think one of so vast a  
[Size

Wou'd not be pleas'd, without as vast  
[Supplies.

There's not a Hackney Coach that  
[scours the Town,

In which Sh'has not been Bugger'd  
[up and down ;

Either by Lord, Knight, Squire, Page,  
[or Clown.]

Knaves may be Honest, Usurers be just,  
Or a Town-Jilt still prostitute on  
[Trust ;

Strolers not Scratch, altho' they have  
[the Itch,

E'er his lewd Countess cease to be a  
[ B—.

Had *Arund---* but shunn'd this  
[Wretch's Fate.

H'had 'scap'd the knowing what he  
[knows to late ;  
The

The Knowing he a Jilt to's Arms pre-  
 [fers,  
 That has had many Well-hung Fools  
 [in hers :  
 Wou'd he be Merry, strait his Consort's  
 [Noise,  
 E'er he can think, th' abortive Thought  
 [destroys ;  
 Or wou'd he be Devout, (which is but  
 [rare)  
 She'll make him mingle Curses with his  
 [Pray'r :  
 At Home, Abroad, at Park, or Play, or  
 [Ball,  
 A Wife still dashes his Delight with  
 [Gall.

But of all those that in our List ap-  
 [pear,  
 (And there are choice of thoughtless  
 [Coxcombs here)  
 There's none more despicable than  
 [K---ldare :]

A Wretch, which if we Scan, we soon  
(shall find,

His Form is just proportion'd to his  
(Mind.

Others sometimes may have some  
(Truce from Strife,

But he's for ever harrafs'd with a Wife;  
And such a Wife, as hourly makes him  
(feel

Th' Effects of her 'damn'd *Presbyterian*  
(Zeal.

Five Pound a Week she allows him for  
(Expence,

To show the World he is a Man of  
(Sence.

Were I to chuse my Shape, twou'd  
(be my Pray'r

To be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,  
Or any thing, but that vain Animal  
(K---ldare.

Rocks that lie hid no mortal can a-

(void,

We pity those by such a Fate destroy'd ;

But when they far above the Waves

(appear,

He must be mad that seeks for safety

(there ;

What then can *Eth'ridge* urge in his

(Defence,

What Reason bring, unless 'tis want

(of Sense?

For all he pleads beside is meer Pre-

(tence.)

Mérit, with Honour, join'd 's a Crown

(to Life ;

But he got Honour for to get a Wife.

Prepost'rous Knighthood ! In the Gift

(severe,

For never was a Knighthood bought so

(dear.

Trace him from Youth to his Matu-

[rer Age,

In all the time he Triumph'd on the

[Stage ;

And every Sentence Scan, and Action

[Weigh,

In's prating, snarling, Drunkenness, or

[Play ;

And e'er you such another Brute can

[find,

That goes for Man, and Herds with

[Humankind ;

He shall turn Sound, his old Spouse

[cease to stink,

(Impossibilities that ne'er can link)

Nay, which is more, he shall be freed

[from strife,

From all th' incroaching Plagues that

[wait on Life ;

Tho' curs'd with loss of Money, Pox,

[ and Wife

But



But here we must leave Railing for

[ a while,

And change our sharp, to an Obliging

[ Stile ;

For whenso'er we B---ber's Praise be-

[ gin,

Envy is dumb, and Satyrs cease to

[ Grin :

His graceful Mien resistless Charms

[ impart,

And glides unfelt into a Female Heart ;

While on his Lips such smooth Dis-

[ course is hung,

His Person's less attractive than his

[ Tongue.

In Julian's Books his choicest Virtues

[ shine,

And dart fresh Lustre out at every

[ Line ;

Nor is the Hero less admir'd in mine :

G 5

Tho'

Tho' had he 'scap'd the Matrimonial

(Snare,

And still dress'd on, like Andrew in a

(Fair;

Been Bubble, Cully, Whimsical, or

(Dull,

Or in Translating *Butler* crack'd his

Scull,)

He might have 'scap'd the Notion of

a Fool;

Which now is fix'd as lasting as his

(Life

For Death's the safest Refuge from a

(Wife

'The Veil's pluck'd off, and now the

(Monster bare

Let *Hewit* then, and *Henningham* be

(ware

For tho' all Men have Faults, we must

(confess,

Take Marriage out, and every Man has

(less :

Yet let 'em still continue Lewd, or

(Vain,

One boasts of Fighting, t'other of his

(Strain ;

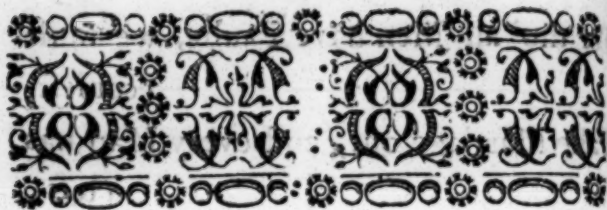
Bate Matrimony, and I'll not com-

(plain :

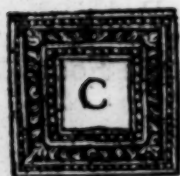
For here I fix it as a publick Rule,

'Tis better live a Fop than die a Fool.





A  
S A T Y R  
A G A I N S T  
M A T R I M O N Y.



URSE on those senseless  
 (Fools who disallow  
 Those harmless Sports Na-  
 (ture commands us to  
 Without Indenture, and loud Procla-  
 (mation,  
 Made by a Fop to a dull Congrega-  
 (tion :  
 When as the Gods cou'd ne'er endure  
 (that Fashion.)

To

To Priests, like Scriveners, some will

[apply

Themselves, who doubt of their Secu-

[rity ;

But Generous Souls, like Gods, move

[in a Sphere

Above those Tyes, made by old Sinners

[here :

They are for that free way of Pro- }

[pagation,

Made by the Law of Nature, not }

[o'th Nation ; }

Which dulls the Pleasure by its Li- }

[mitation.] }

Let Foppish Zeal, Devotion's Bastard }

[say

What e'er it can ; our Private Plea-

[sures may

Be as Divine, altho' not us'd that }

[way :

It is more Modest ; that, I'am sure

[you'll say.] }

What

What you call Virtue's but a Composi-

(tion

Of such Ingredients Nature makes her

(Fish on:

Dull Phlegm, and Melancholy do pro-

(duce

Zeal in abundance; that does intro-

(duce

Such Bug-bears in your Fancy, that an

(Ant

Appears to you to be an Elephant:

Nature, the God's great Instrument

(must be

Branded by you, with all the Infamy

You can asperse her with; and all, be-

(cause

She gives us Freedom, by her Sacred

(Laws,

To use those Pleasures She for us has

(made,

And not to stand upon the *Levite's* Aid.

Good

Good Man, he cries for Matrimony!

(Why?

It brings a Gain to his Divinity:

Christ'nings, and Burials to the same.

(I Vow,

If you omit'em, there's Damnation too!

But, why shou'd the poor Brat in Dan-

(ger be

Of being Damn'd, because not Cross'd

(by Thee?

Or why, where Funeral Rite omitted

(is,

Shou'd that obstruct the Mortal's Way

(to Blifs?

These, and dull Nuptials, all your Wife

(Men saw

Were nothing, but to Complement the

(Law:

So that the Book, and Ring appear to

(me

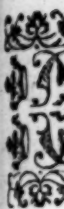
Such a Mistake in your Divinity;

That

That you must grant, the Ceremony  
[sent  
To such poor Mortals, for a Punish-  
[ment,  
As cou'd not with their Freedom be  
[content.]



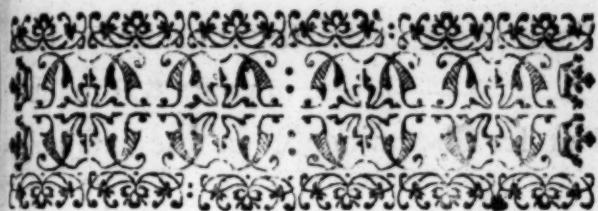
T H E



B

Two  
Hav





THE  
BATTLE  
OF THE  
BAUDS.



GIVE o'er, you tilting Sparks  
[o'th' Pit, give o'er,  
And fright the Boxes and  
[your selves no more:  
Two *Amazons*, of Scandalous Renown,  
Have with dire Battel made the Field  
[their own:  
Their

Their Fray on no flight grounds, like

(yours was made;

But for Preeminence in their famous

(Trade.

Both for the Public break their mid:

(night sleep;

## And open Courts for lated Mortals

(keep :

No Rank of Men their Palaces refuse,

## From Filbert Prentices to Acorn Jews.

Zeal to the public did their rage ex-

(cite:

But who can speak the Terror of the

(Fight,

## The Oaths, the Yells, the Sweat, the

(Dust, the Blood,

Are not to be exprest, nor understood.

Strong Sarc'net Scarfs, with Hood of

(Gauze more flight,

Promiscuously were Scatter'd in the

(Fight:

Neck-

Necklace, and Pendants perish'd in  
 (the Fray,  
 And reverend Point that did the Art  
 (display  
 Of Ages past, had now its fatal  
 (Day!  
 Our upper Regions, ravish'd at the  
 (fight,  
 With din of Clatt'ring Sticks applaud  
 (the Fight:  
 Nay, ev'n our Sparks o'th' Pit, like  
 (Trojans true,  
 Made a fair Ring, and stood Spectators  
 (too.  
 Could not your own Sense make you  
 (tender Hearted,  
 Who have the comfort known of being  
 (parted?  
 'Tis strange, that Matrons so obliging  
 (kind,  
 In a full Pit, shou'd no Acquaintance  
 (find!  
 Some

Some Side-box Nymphs, 'tis true, made

[Protestation,

This War wou'd be the Ruin of the

[Nation,

Which to prevent, the Destinies inter-

[pos'd,

And with a partial Hand the Battel

[clos'd.

*Silence*, the vanquish'd *Silence* quits

[her ground;

The Conqu'ring *Strafford* is with

[*Myrtle* crown'd,

And *Drury-Lane* all loyal Whores re-

[sound.]





TO  
FELTON  
IN THE  
TOWER.  
(1628.)



ENJOY thy Bondage; make  
(thy Prison know  
Thou hast a Liberty, thou  
(canst not owe  
To such base Punishments, kept intire,  
(since  
Nothing but Guilt shackles the Con-  
(science.  
I dare

I dare not tempt thy valiant Blood to  
(Whay,

Infeebling it with Pity; nor dare Pray  
That thou may'st mercy find; lest thy

(great Story

Lose something of its Miracle and Glory:

I wish thy Merit study'd Cruelty,

Stout Vengeance best befits thy Memory;

And I wou'd have Posterity to hear,

He that can Bravely do, can Bravely

(bear.

Tortures seem great unto a Coward's

(Eye:

'Tis no great thing to Suffer; less to Die

Shou'd all the Clouds fall out, and in

(the Strife

Lightning and Thunder take away my

(Life,

I should applaud the Wisdom of my Fate;

Which knew to value me at such a rate,

As

As at my Fall to trouble all the Sky,  
Emptying upon me *Jove's* full Armo-

[ry.

Serve in your Sharpest Punishments, use

[the Rack,

Inlarge each Joynt, and make each Si-

[ new crack ;

Thy Soul before was strengthen'd, that

[ thy Doom,

To show thy Vertue she has larger room :

Yet sure, if every Artery were broke,

Thou wou'dst find Strength for such

[another Stroke.

And now I leave thee unto Death

[and Fame,

Which lives to shake Ambition at thy

[ Name :

And, if it were no Sin, the Court by it

Wou'd hourly Swear, before the Favo-

[rite,

Fare-

Farewel ; for thy brave Sake, we shall  
(not send)

Henceforth, Commander, Enemies to  
(defend)

Nor will it ever our just Monarch please  
To keep an Admiral to lose the Seas.

Farewel : Undaunted stand ; and joy to  
(be)

Of publick Sorrow the Epitomy.

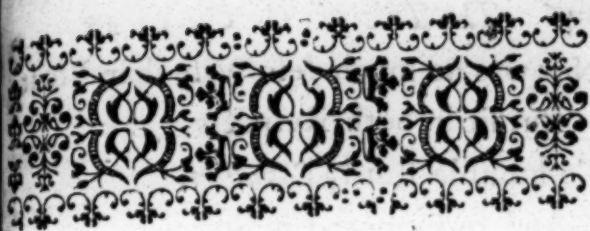
Let the Duke's Name Solace and Crown  
(thy Thrall

All we in him did Suffer ; thou for All :  
And I dare boldly Write, as thou dar'st

(Die ;  
Stout Felton, England's Ransom, here  
(does lie







THE  
T A L E  
OF THE  
C O B L E R  
AND THE  
VICAR *of* Bray.

---

*Rara est Concordia fratrum.*

Ovid.

---



IN *Bedfordshire* there dwelt a  
(Knight,

Sir Samuel by Name,

Who by his Feats in civil Broils

Obtain'd a mighty Fame.

I E OL. III.

H

Nor

146 *The Tale of the* COBLER

Nor was he much less Wise than Stout,

But fit in both Respects

To humble sturdy *Cavaliers*,

And to support the Sects.

This worthy *Knight* was one that swore

He would not cut his *Beard*,

'Till this *Ungodly Nation* was

From *Kings* and *Bishops* clear'd.

Which holy Vow he firmly kept;

And most devoutly wore

A Grizly Meteor on his Face,

'Till they were both no more.

His *Worship* was in short a *Man*

Of such exceeding Worth,

No Pen or Pencil can describe,

Or Rhiming *Bard* set forth.

Many and mighty things he did,

Both sober and in Liquor,

Witness the mortal Fray between

The *Cobler* and the *Vicar* ;

Which

Which by his Wisdom and his Power,  
He wisely did prevent,  
And both the Combatants at once  
In wooden *Durance* pent.

The Manner how these two fell out,  
And quarrell'd in their *Ale*,  
I shall attempt at large to show  
In the succeeding *Tale*.

A *Strolling* *Cobler* who was wont  
To trudge from Town to Town,  
Happen'd upon his Walk to meet  
A *Vicar* in his Gown.

And as they forward jogg'd along,  
The *Vicar* growing hot,  
First ask'd the *Cobler* if he knew  
Where they might take a *Pot*.

Yes, marry that I do, quoth he,  
Here is a House hard by,  
That far exceeds all *Bedfordshire*,  
For *Ale* and *Landlady*.

148 *The Tale of the COBLER*

Thither lets go the *Vicar* said,

And when they thither came,  
He lik'd the *Liquor* wondrous well,  
But, better far the *Dame*.

And she who like a cunning *Filt*  
Knew how to please her Guest,  
Us'd all her little Tricks and Arts  
To entertain the *Priest*.

The *Cobler* too, who quickly saw  
The *Landlady's* Design,  
Did all that in his Power was  
To manage the *Divine*.

With smutty *Jests*, and merry *Songs*  
They charm'd the *Vicar* so,  
That he determin'd for that Night  
No farther he would go.

And being fix'd, the *Cobler* thought  
'Twas proper to go try,  
If he cou'd get a Job or two,  
His Charges to supply.

So going out into the Street,  
He Bauls with all his might,  
If any of you tread awry,  
I'm here to set you right.

I can repair your leaky *Boots*,  
And underlay your *Soals*,  
*Back sliders* I can underprop,  
And patch up all your *Holes*.

The *Vicar* who unluckily  
The *Cobler's* Outcry heard,  
From off the Bench on which he sat,  
With mighty Fury rear'd.

(*Priest*,  
Quoth He, what *Priest*, what holy  
Can hear this bawling Slave?  
But must in Justice to his *Coat* .  
Chastise the Saucy Knave.

What has this Wretch to do; with *Souls*  
Or with *Back sliders* either;  
Whose Business only is his *Awls*,  
His *Lasts*, his *Thread*, and *Leather*.

I lose my Patience to be made  
This Stroling Varlets Sport ;  
Nor could I think this sawcy Rogue  
Would treat me in such Sort.

The *Cobler*, who had no Design  
The *Vicar* to displease;  
Unluckily repeats again,  
I'm come your *Souls* to ease.

The inward and the outward too  
I can repair and mend ;  
And all that my Assistance want,  
I'll use them like a Friend.

The Country Folk no sooner heard  
The honest *Cobler's* Tongue,  
But from the *Village* far and near  
they round about him throng.

Some bring their *Boots*, and some their *Shoes*,  
And some their *Buskins* bring ;  
The *Cobler* fits him down to Work,  
And then begins to sing.

## Death

Death often at the *Cobler's* Stall  
Was wont to make a stand ;  
But found the *Cobler* singing still  
And on the mending Hand.

Until at length he met old Time,  
And then they both together  
Quite tear the *Cobler's* aged *Soal*  
From off the upper Leather.

Even so a while, I may old *Shoes*,  
By Care and Art maintain ;  
But when the *Leather's* rotten grown,  
All Art and Care is Vain.

And this the *Cobler* stich'd and sung,  
Not thinking any harm ;  
Till out the angry *Vicar* came,  
With *Ale* and *Passion* warm.

(He,  
Dost thou not know, Vile Slave, quoth  
How impious 'tis to jest  
With sacred things, and to profane  
The Office of a *Priest*.

152 *The Tale of the COBLER*

How dar'st thou, most audacious  
Those Vile Expressions use, (Wretch  
Which make the *Souls* of Men as cheap  
As *Soals* of *Boots* and *Shoes*.

Such Reprobates as you betray,  
Our Character and Gown ;  
And would if you had once the Pow'r  
The Church it self pull down.

The *Cobler* not aware that he  
Had done or said amiss ;  
Reply'd, I do not understand  
What you can mean by this,

Tho' I but a poor *Cobler* be,  
And Strole about for Bread ;  
None better loves the Church than I  
That ever wore a Head.

But since you are so good at Names,  
And make so loud a pother ;  
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid,  
You're but some *Cobling* Brother.

Come



Come *Vicar*, tho' you talk so big,  
Our Trades are near akin ;  
patch and cobble outward *Soals*,  
As you doe those within.

And I'll appeal to any Man.  
That understands the *Nation* ;  
If I ha'nt done more good than you,  
In my respective *Station*.

Old *Leather*, I must needs confess,  
I've sometimes us'd for *New* ;  
And often par'd the *Soal* so near,  
That I have spoil'd the *Shoe*.

You *Vicars* by a different Way,  
Have done the very same ;  
For you have par'd your *Doctrines* so,  
You made *Religion* lame.

Your Principles you've quite disown'd,  
And *Old Ones* chang'd for *New* ;  
That no Man can distinguish right,  
Which are the *false* or *true*.

H ;

I dare

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I dare be bold, you're one of those  
Have took the *Covenant*  
With *Cavaliers* ? are *Cavalier*,  
And with the *Saints* ; a *Saint*.

The *Vicar* at this sharp Rebuke,  
Begins to storm and swear ;  
Quoth He, thou Vile Apostate Wretch  
Dost thou with me compare.

I that have Care of many *Souls*,  
And Power to *Damn* or *Save*,  
Dar'st thou thy self compare with me,  
Thou Vile Ungodly Knave !

I wish I had thee some where else,  
I'd quickly make thee know ;  
What 'tis to make Comparisons,  
And to revile me so.

Thou art an Enemy to the *State*,  
Some *Priest* in *Masquerade* ;  
That to promote the *Pope's* Designs,  
Has learnt the *Cobling Trade*.

Or else some Spy to Cavaliers,  
And art by them sent out ;  
To carry false Intelligence,  
And scatter Lies about.

But whilst the *Vicar* full of Ire,  
Was railing at this Rate ;  
His *Worship*, Good Sir *Samuel*,  
O'erlighted at the Gate.

And asking of the *Landlady*  
The Occasion of the Stir ;  
Quoth She, if you will give me leave,  
I will inform you, Sir.

This *Cobler* happ'ning to o'ertake  
The *Vicar* on his Walk ;  
In friendly Sort they forward march,  
And to each other talk.

Until the *Parson* first propos'd,  
To stop and take a *Whet* ;  
So cheek by Jole they hither came,  
Like Travellers well met.

156     *The Tale of the COBLER*

A World of Jests and Healths went  
     Sometimes a merry Tale,     (round,  
 Till they resolv'd to stay all Night ;  
 So well they lik'd my Ale.

Thus all things lovingly went on,  
     And who so great as they ;  
 Before an ugly Accident  
     Began this mortal Fray.

The Case I take it to be this ;  
     The *Vicar* being fixt,  
 The *Cobler* chanc'd to cry his Trade,  
     And in his Cry he mixt

Some harmless Words, which I suppose,  
     The *Vicar* falsly thought,  
 Might be design'd to banter him,  
     And scandalize his Coat.

If that be all, quoth He, Go out,  
     And bid them both come in ;  
 A dozen of your Nappy Ale  
     Will set 'em right again.

And

and the VICAR of Bray: 157

And if the *Ale* should chance to fail,  
For so perhaps it may;  
I have it in my Power to try  
A more effectual *Way*.

These *Vicars* are a *Wilful Tribe*,  
A *Restless stubborn Crew*;  
And if they are not humbled quite,  
They will the *State* undo.

The *Cobler* is a cunning *Knave*  
That goes about by *Stealth*;  
And would instead of mending *Shoes*,  
Repair the *Common-Wealth*.

However bid 'em both come in,  
This *Fray* must have an *End*;  
Such little *Feuds* as those do oft  
To greater *Mischiefs* tend.

Without more bidding out she goes,  
And told them by her *Troth*,  
There was a *Magistrate* within,  
That needs must see 'em both.

But

158    *The Tale of the COBLER*

But, Gentlemen, pray Distance keep,  
And don't too testy be ;  
Ill Words Good Manners still corrupt,  
And spoil good Company.

To this the *Vicar* first Replys,  
I fear no *Magistrate* ;  
For let 'em make what Laws they will,  
I'll still obey the *State*.

Whatever I can say or do,  
I'm sure not much avails ;  
I shall still *Vicar* be of *Bray*,  
Which ever Side prevails.

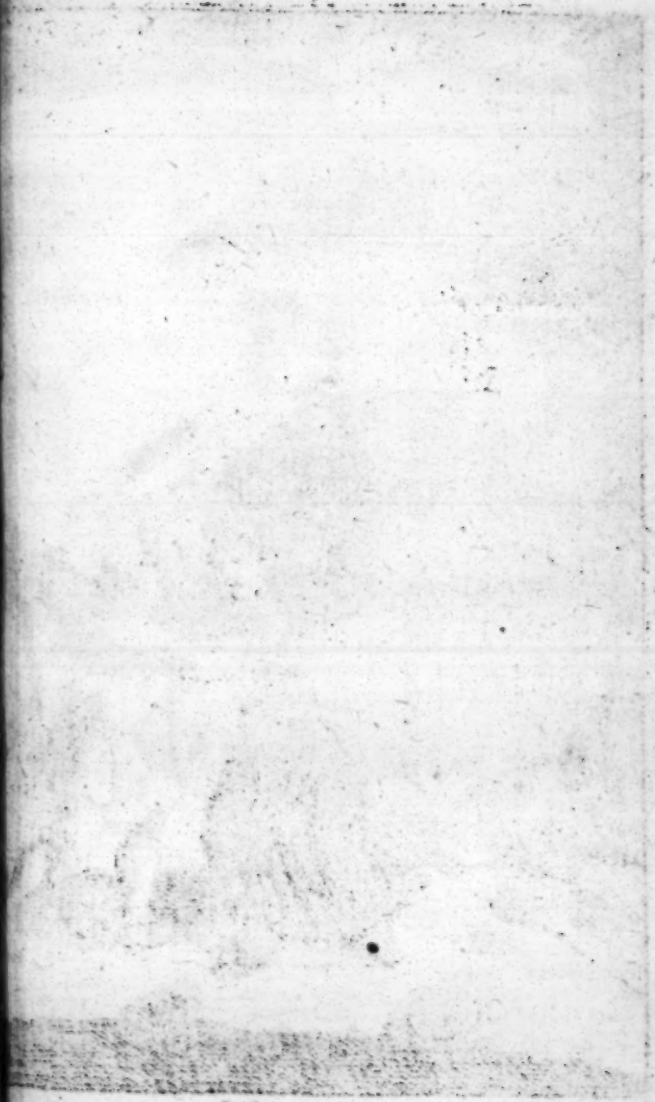
My *Conscience*, thanks to Heaven, is come  
To such a happy Pals,  
That I can take the *Covenant*,  
And never hang an Arse.

I've took so many *Oaths* before,  
That now without Remorse ;  
I take all *Oaths* the *State* can make,  
As merely Things of *Course*.

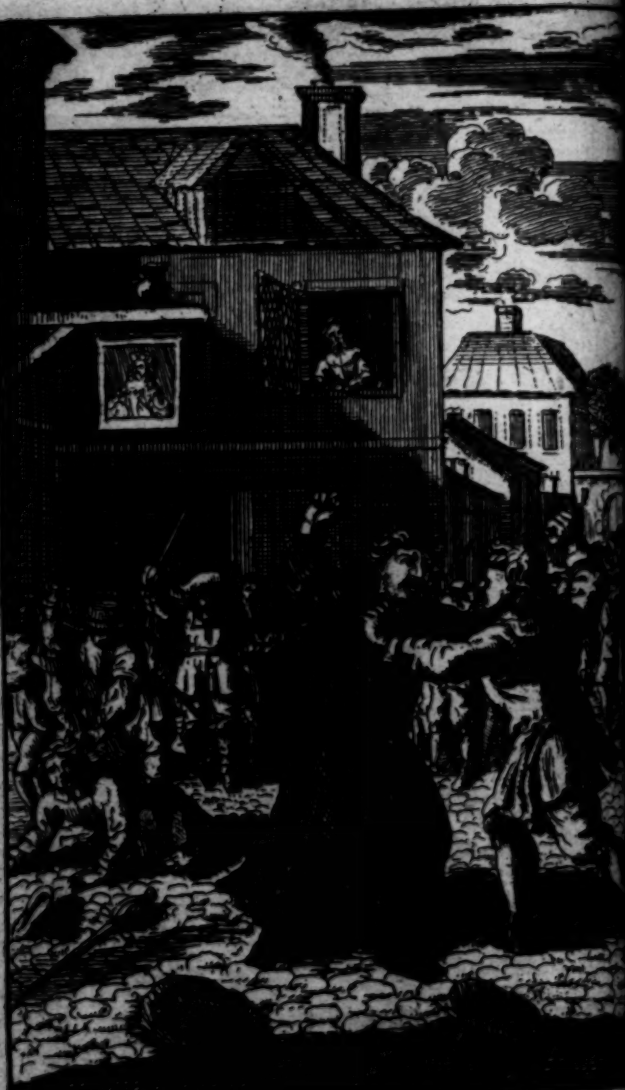
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the stone of Bore.



*Cobbler & Vicar of Bray. vol. 9.*



and the VICAR of Bray. 159

Go therefore, *Dame*, the *Justice* tell,  
His *Summons* I'll obey ;  
And further you may let him know  
I *Vicar* am of *Bray*.

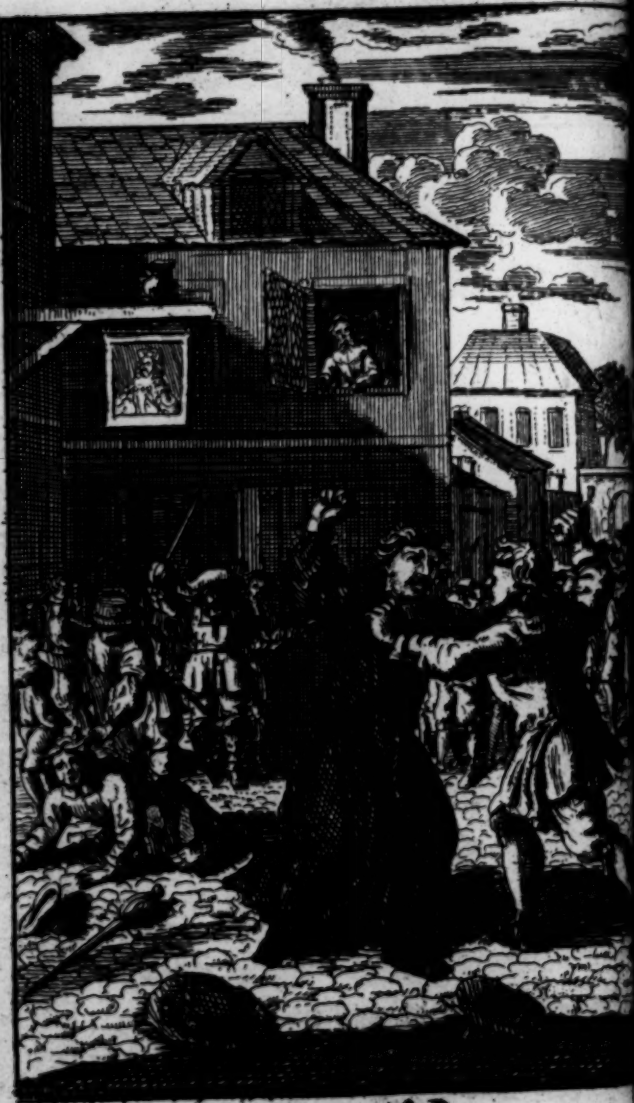
I find indeed, the *Cobler* said,  
I am not much mistaken ;  
This *Vicar* knows the ready way  
To save his *Rev'rend* *Bacon*.

This is a hopeful *Priest* indeed,  
And well deserves a *Rope* ;  
Rather than loose his *Vicaridge*,  
He'd swear to *Turk* or *Pope*.

For *Gain* he would his *God* deny,  
His *Country* and his *King* ;  
Swear, and forswear, recant and lye,  
Do any wicked thing.

At this the *Vicar* set his *Teeth*,  
And to the *Cobler* flew ;  
And with his *Sacerdotal* *Fist*  
Gave him a *Box* or two.

The



*Cobler & Vicar of Bray. vol. 3. 1*

and the VICAR of Bray. 159

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Do any wicked thing.

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And to the *Cobler* flew ;  
And with his Sacerdotal Fist  
Gave him a Box or two.

The

160      *The Tale of the* COBLER.

The *Cobler* soon return'd the Blows,  
And both with Head and Heel  
So manfully behav'd himself,  
He made the *Vicar* reel.

Great was the Outcry that was made,  
And in the Woman ran  
To tell his *Worship* that the Fight  
Betwixt them was began.

And is it so inded, quoth he,  
I'll make the Slaves repent ;  
Then up he took his *Basket Hilt*  
And out enrag'd he went ?

The Country Folk no sooner saw  
The *Knight* with naked Blade ;  
But for his *Worship* instantly,  
An open Lane was made.

Who with a Stern and angry Look,  
Cry'd out, what Knaves are these,  
That in the Face of *Justice* dare  
Disturb the Publick Peace ?

Vile

and the VICAR of Bray.

161

Vile Rascals, I will make you know,  
I am a *Magistrate* ;  
And that as such I bear about,  
The Vengeance of the *State*.

Go seize them, *Ralph*, and bring them in,  
That I may know the Cause ;  
That first induced them to this rage,  
And thus to break the *Laws*.

*Ralph*, who was both his *Squire* and *Clerk*,  
And *Constable* withal ;  
I' the name o'th' *Common-Wealth*, aloud  
Did for Assistance bawl.

The Words had hardly past his Mouth,  
But they secure them both ;  
And *Ralph*, to shew his furious Zeal  
And Hatred to the *Cloath* ;

Runs to the *Vicar* thro' the Crowd,  
And took him by the Throat :  
How ill, says he, doth this become,  
Your *Character* and Coat.

Was

162    *The Tale of the COBLER*

Was it for this not long ago

    You took the *Covenant* ;

And in most solemn manner swore

    That you'd become a *Saint*.

And here he gave him such a Pinch

    That made the *Vicar* shout ;

Good People, I shall murder'd be

    By this Ungodly Lout.

Hegripes my Throat to that degree,

    I can't his Talons bear ;

And if you do not hold his Hands

    He'll throttle me I fear.

At this a *Butcher* of the Town

    Steps up to *Ralph* in *Ire* ;

What will you squeeze his Gullet thro',

    You Son of *Blood* and *Fire* ?

You are the *Devil's* Instrument

    To execute the *Laws* ;

What will you murder the poor Man

    With your *Fanatick* Claws.

At which the *Squire* quits his Hold,  
And lugging out his *Blade*,  
Full at the Sturdy *Butcher's* Pate,  
A furious Stroke he made.

A dismal outcry there began,  
Among the Country Folk ;  
Who all conclude the *Butcher* slain,  
By such a mortal Stroke.

But here good fortune that has still,  
A Friendship for the brave ;  
Eh' nicks misguides the fatal blow,  
And does the *Butcher* save.

The *Knight* who heard the noise within  
Runs out with Might and Main ;  
And seeing *Ralph* amidst the Crowd,  
In danger to be slain.

Without regard to Age or Sex,  
Old *Basket Hilt* so ply'd ;  
That in an Instant three or four,  
Lay bleeding by his Side.

And

164 *The Tale of the COBLER*

And greater Mischiefs in his rage,  
This furious *Knight* had done ;  
If he had not prevented been,  
By *Dick* the *Black-smith's* Son.

Who catcht his *Worship* on the Hip,  
And gave him such a *Squelch* ;  
That he some Moments breathless lay,  
E're he was heard to *belch*.

Nor was the *Squire* in better case,  
By *Sturdy Butcher* ply'd ;  
Who from the Shoulder to the Flank,  
Had soundly swing'd his Hide.

Whilst things in this Confusion stood,  
And *Knight* and *Squire* disarm'd ;  
Up comes a Neighbouring Gentleman,  
The Outcry had alarm'd.

Who riding up among the Croud,  
The *Vicar* first he spy'd ;  
With Sleeveless Gown and bloody Bands,  
And Hands behind him ty'd.

Bless



and the VICAR of Bray. 165

Bless me, says he, what means all this !

Then turning round his Eys,  
In the same plight, or in a worse,  
The *Cobler* bleeding Spies.

And looking further round he saw,  
Like one in doleful Dump ;  
The *Knight* amid't a gaping Mob,  
Sit penfive on his Rump.

And by his Side lay *Ralph* his *Squire*,  
Whom *Butcher* fell had maul'd ;  
Who bitterly bemoan'd his Fate,  
And for a *Surgeon* call'd.

Surpriz'd at first he paus'd a while,  
And then accosts the *Knight* ;  
What makes you here, Sir *Samuel*,  
In this unhappy plight ?

At this the *Knight* gave Breast a thump,  
And Stretching out his Hand ;  
If you will pull me up, quoth he,  
I'll try if I can stand.

And

166 *The Tale of the COBLER*

And then I'll let you know the Cause,  
But first take care of *Ralph*;  
Who in my good or ill Success,  
Doth always stand my half.

In short he got his *Worship* up,  
And led him in the Door;  
Where he at length relates the Tale,  
As I have told before.

When he had heard the Story out,  
The Gentleman replies,  
It is not in my Province, Sir,  
Your *Worship* to advise.

But was I in your *Worship's* place,  
The only thing I'd do;  
Was first to reprimand the Fools,  
And then to let them go.

I think it first adviseable,  
To take them from the Rabble,  
And let them come, and both set forth  
The occasion of the Squabble.

This

use, This is the *Vicar*, Sir, of *Bray*,  
A man of no Repute ;  
The Scorn and Scandal of his *Tribe*,  
A loose, ill manner'd *Brute*.

e, The *Cobler's* a poor Stroling Wretch  
That mends my Servants *Shoes* ;  
And often calls as he goes by  
To bring me Country *News*.

At this his *Worship* grip'd his Beard,  
And in an angry mood ;  
Swore by the *Laws* of *Chivalry*,  
That *Blood* requir'd *Blood*.

Besides, I'm by the *Common-Wealth*,  
Entrusted to chastize ;  
All *Knaves* that straggle up and down,  
To raise such *Mutinies*.

Forth However since 'tis your Request,  
They shall be call'd and heard ;  
But neither *Ralph*, nor I can grant  
Such *Rascals* should be clear'd.

This

Adn

168 *The Tale of the COBLER*

And so to wind the Tale up short

They were call'd in together ;  
And by the Gentleman were ask'd,  
What Wind 'twas blew them hith

Good *Ale* and handsome *Landladies*,  
You might have nearer home ;  
And therefore 'tis for something more  
That you so far are come.

To which the *Vicar* answer'd first,  
My *Living* is so small  
That I am forc'd to strole about  
To try to get a *Call*.

And quoth the *Cobler*, I am forc'd  
To leave my *Wife* and *Dwelling*,  
'T' escape the Danger to be prest  
To go a *Colonelling*.

There's many an honest Jovial Lad  
Unwarily drawn in,  
That I have reason to suspect,  
Will scarce get out again.

The

L.

and the VICAR of Bray. 169

The Proverb says, *Harm watch, Harm*  
I'll out of danger keep; (catch:  
I, or he that sleeps in a whole Skin  
the Doth most securely Sleep.

, My business is to mend bad *Soals*,  
And stitch up broken Quarters ;  
ore Cobler's Name would look but odd  
Among a List of *Martyrs*.

With, *Cobler*, quoth the Gentlemen,  
And that shall be my Case ;  
will with neither Party join,  
Let what will come to pass.

o Importunities or Threats,  
My fixt Resolves shall rest ;  
me here, Sir *Samuel*, here's his Health  
That loves old *England* best.

Ity those unhappy Fools,  
Whoe'er they were a ware,  
signing and ambitious Men  
Have Drawn into a Snare.

The I But  
L. III

170 *The Tale of the COBLER*

But, *Vicar*, to come to the Case  
Amidst a Senseless Croud ;  
What urg'd you to such Violence,  
And made you talk so loud ?

Passion I'm sure does ill become  
Your Character and Cloath ;  
And tho' the Cause be ne'er so Just  
Brings Scandal upon both.

*Vicar*, I speak it with Regret,  
An in advertant *Priest*  
Renders himself ridiculous,  
And ev'ry bodies Jest.

The *Vicar* to be thus rebuk'd  
A little time stood mute ;  
But having gulp'd his Passion down,  
Replies ; that *Cobling Brute*

Has treated me with such Contempt,  
Such vile Expressions us'd,  
That I no longer could forbear  
To hear my self abus'd.

Th

The Rascal had the Insolence  
To give himself the lye;  
And to aver h'had done more Good,  
And sav'd more *Souls* than I.

Nay, further, Sir, this Miscreant  
To tell me was so bold  
Our Trades were very near of Kin;  
But his was the more old.

Now, Sir, I will to you appeal  
On such a Provocation,  
If there was not Sufficient Cause,  
To use a little Passion.

Now quoth the *Cobler* with your leave,  
I'll prove it to his Facc;  
All this is meer suggestion,  
And foreign to the Case.

And since he calls so many Names,  
And talks so very loud,  
Will be bound to make it plain;  
'Twas he that rais'd the Croud.

172    *The Tale of the* COBLER

Nay, further I will make't appear,  
He and the *Priests* have done  
More Mischiefs than the *Coblers*, far,  
All over *Christendom*.

All *Europe* groans beneath their Yoak,  
And poor *Great Britain* owes  
To them her present Miseries,  
And dread of future Woes.

The *Priests* of all Religions are,  
And will be still the *same* ;  
And all, tho' in a different way  
Are playing the *same Game*.

At this the Gentleman stood up ;  
*Cobler*, you run too fast ;  
By thus condemning all the *Tribe*,  
You go beyond your *Last*.

Much Mischief has by *Priests* been done,  
And more is doing still ;  
But then, to censure all alike  
Must be exceeding ill.

Too



Too many, I must needs confess,  
Are mightily to blame ;  
Who by their wicked Practices  
Disgrace the very Name.

ak, But *Cobler*, still the *Major* Part  
The *Minor* should conclude ;  
To argue at another rate's  
Impertinent and rude.

By this time all the Neighbours round  
Were flock'd about the Door,  
And some were on the *Vicar's* Side,  
But on the *Cobler's* more.

Amongst the rest a *Grafter*, who  
Had lately been at Town  
To sell his *Oxen* and his *Sheep* ;  
Brim full of News came down.

ne, Quoth he, the *Priests* have Preach'd and  
And made so damn'd a pother,  
That all the People are run mad  
To murder one another.

Too

174 *The Tale of the* COBLER

By their Contrivances and Arts

They've play'd their Game so long  
That no Man knows which Side is right  
Or which is in the wrong.

I'm sure I've *Smithfield* Market us'd  
For more than Twenty Year,  
But never did such Murmurings  
And dreadful Outcry hear.

Some for a *Church*, and some a *Tub*,  
And some for *both together* ;  
And some, perhaps, the greater Part  
Have no regard for *either*.

ome for a *King*, and some for *none*  
And some have *Hankerings*  
To mend the *Common-wealth*, and make  
An *Empire* of all *Kings*.

What's worse, old *Noll* is Marching off  
And *Dick* his Heir apparent  
Succeeds him in the Government ;  
A very lame *Vicegerent*.

He'll

*and the VICAR of Bray.* 175

He'll Reign but little time, poor Fool,  
But sink beneath the *State* ;  
That will not fail to ride the Fool  
'Bove common Horseman's Weight.

And Rulers when they lose the Power,  
Like Horses overweigh'd,  
Must either fall and break their Knees,  
Or else turn perfect Jade.

The *Vicar* to be twice rebuk'd,  
No longer could contain ;  
But thus replies, To Knaves, like you,  
All Arguments are vain.

The Church must use her Arm of Flesh,  
The other will not do,  
The Clergy wast their Breath and Time  
On Miscreants like you.

You are so *stubborn*, and so *proud*,  
So dull, and prepossest,  
That no Instructions can prevail,  
How well foe'er address.

176     *The Tale of the COBLER*

Who would reform such *Reprobates*  
Must *drub* them soundly first;  
I know no other way but that  
To make them wise or Just.

Fie *Vicar*, fie, his *Patron* said,  
Sure that is not the way  
You should instruct your Auditors  
To suffer or obey.

Those were the Doctrines that of old  
The Learned Fathers taught;  
And 'twas by them the Church at first  
Was to Perfection brought.

Come, *Vicar*, lay your Feuds aside,  
And calmly take your *Cup*;  
and let us try in friendly wise  
To make the matter up.

That's certainly the wiser course,  
And better too by far;  
All Men of Prudence strive to quench  
The Sparks of *Civil-War*.

By

By furious Heats and ill Advice  
Our Neighbours are undone ;  
Then let us timely Caution take  
From their Destruction.

If we would turn our Heads about  
And look t'wards *Forty one*,  
We soon should see what little *Jars*  
Those cruel Wars begun.

A one ey'd *Cobler* then was One  
Of that *Rebellious Crew* ;  
That did in *Charles the Marty's Blood*,  
Their wicked Hands imbrew.

I mention this not to deface  
This *Cobler's Reputation*,  
Who I have always honest found,  
And useful in his Station.

But this I urge to let you see  
The Danger of a Fight  
Between a *Cobler* and a *Priest* ;  
Tho' he were ne'er so right.

178 *The Tale of the COBLER*

The *Vicars* are a num'rous Tribe,  
So are the *Coblers* too ;  
And if a gen'ral quarrel rise,  
What must the Country do ?

Our outward and our inward *Soals*  
Must quickly want Repair ;  
And all the Neighbourhood around  
Would the Misfortune share.

Sir, quoth the *Grazier*, I believe  
Our-outward *Soals* indeed  
May quickly want the *Coblers* Help,  
To be from Leakings freed.

But for our inward *Souls*, I think,  
They're of a worth too great  
To be committed to the Care  
Of any *Holy Cheat*.

Who only serves his God for Gain,  
Religion is his Trade ;  
And 'tis by such as these our Church  
So scandalous is made.

and the VICAR of Bray. 179

Why should I trust my Soul with One  
That Preaches, Swears and Prays;  
And the next Moment contradicts  
Himself in all he says.

His Solemn Oaths he looks upon  
As only Words of Course;  
Which like their Wives our Fathers took,  
For better or for worse.

But he takes Oaths as some take Whores,  
Only to serve his Ease;  
And Rogues and Whores it is well known  
May part whene'er they please.

At this the Cocker bolder grew,  
And stoutly thus reply'd;  
If you're so good at drubbing, Sir,  
Your Manhood shall be try'd.

What I have said, I will maintain,  
And further prove withal,  
I daily do more Good than you.  
In my respective Call.

180 *The Tale of the COBLER*

I know your Character, quoth he,  
You proud insulting *Vicar*,  
Who only huff and domineer,  
And quarrel in your *Liquor*.

Th' honest Gentleman who saw  
'Twould come again to Blows,  
Commands the *Cobler* to forbear,  
And to the *Vicar* goes.

*Vicar*, says he, for shame give o'er,  
And mitigate your Rage ;  
You scandalize your Cloath too much  
A *Cobler* to engage.

All Peoples Eyes are on your *Tribe*,  
And ev'ry little Ill  
They multiply and aggravate,  
And will, because they will.

But now let's call another Cause,  
So let this Health go round ;  
Be *Peace* and *Plenty*, *Truth*, and *Right*  
In good Old *England* found.

Quoth



and the V I C A R of Bray. 181

Quoth *Ralph*, all this is empty Talk,  
And only tends to Laughter ;  
If these two *Varlets* should be spar'd,  
Who'd pity us hereafter ?

Your *Worship* may do what you please,  
But I'll have Satisfaction  
For *Drubbing*, and for *Damages*  
In this *Ungodly Action*.

I think that you can do no less  
Than send them to the *Stocks* ;  
And I'll assist the *Constable*  
In fixing in their *Hocks*.

There let 'em sit and fight it out,  
Or *Scold* 'till they are *Friends* :  
Or what is better much than both,  
'Till I am made amends.

( vis'd,  
*Ralph*, quoth the *Knight*, that's well ad-  
Let them both thither go,  
And you and the *Sub-magistrate*  
Take care that it be so,

Let

182     *The Tale of the COBLER*

Let them be look'd in Face to Face,  
Bare *Buttocks* on the Ground ;  
And let them in that Posture sit  
'Till they with us compound.

Thus fixt, we'll leave them for a time  
Whilst we with grief relate  
How at a *Wake* this *Knight* and *Squire*.  
Got each a broken Pate.



A  
COFFIN  
*For the Good Old*  
CAUSE:  
OR

A Sober Word, by Way of  
*Caution*, to the *Parliament* and *Ar-*  
*my*, or such in both as have  
prayed, fought, and bled for their  
Preservation.

---

*Written by Sir* SAMUEL LUKE.

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Printed in the YEAR 1660



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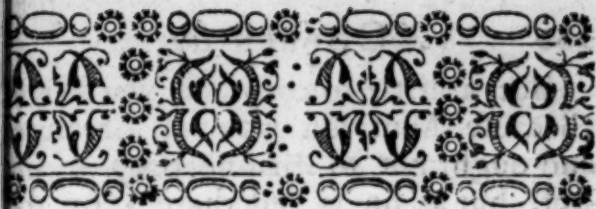
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Printed in the Year 1760



A  
C O F F I N

*For the Good Old*

C A U S E, &c.

S I R S,



T is a solemn and sacred Saying, *That a wise Man foreseeth an Evil, and preventeth it, but Fools go on, and are Punished :* That there is such an *Eminent Evil* impending, as your Eye hath not seen since first you sate in your Seats, or wore Swords by your sides ; such an *Evil* as will (if the Wisdom and Goodness of God prevent not) be the *inevitable Ruin* of that *Interest* you have been the *Asserters* of, is most certain ; or no less than all your Friends in *England* are in an *Extream Error*.

But

But a little to convince you hereto (because Man is a rational Creature and ought not to stir one Step in any Act, but as he is led thereto by the Light thereof) I shall endeavour to spread before you the Danger, and then pray the Father of Mercies to give your Hearts to do your Duty in preventing it.

- I. Your *Army* is unsettled.
- II. Your *House* divided.
- III. Your *Friends* discouraged.
- IV. Your *Trade* decayed.
- V. Your *Treasure* exhausted.
- VI. Your *Enemies* increased and heightened.

I. That your *Army* is unsettled, is most certain; neither can the Course you take settle it, but *discompose* it more every Minute; for you fill it with *strange Faces*, which will make *strange Effects*. It is true, the *Heads* of Regiments (yea and Captains) that have been Capital Offenders, it is not your Prudence to trust; but for the *Inferior Fry*, (who ever yet have been the

ere the fastest Friends to your Power, and  
ture the publick) to be turned out by whole-  
n and sale, without a fair and legal Hearing,  
y the is not for your own Honour, nor Inter-  
r to rest. You have seen how little a Co-  
the lonel signifies, where his Acquaintance  
e you is but green ; Soldiers love to be lead-  
vent by them they have bled withal.

Again, How many Men have you  
turned out even for their *Judgments*  
*sake*, that never sinned against your  
Powers at that rate, as many that are  
kept in? If an Anabaptist should have  
behaved himself equal with one of an-  
other Perswasion, let their Incourage-  
and ment be equal also : How will you  
perswade the People you intend a Com-  
mon-wealth, whilst thus partial in your  
petty Proceedings? It is not what he is,  
is but what he hath done, ought to be the  
more Question to all. I know a Quaker in  
with Arms, that eminently served you ; yet  
as meet I not with one that is willing to  
s of serve him. If you will call in the  
ha Conduct of the Army, as in 46. (which  
not was as Presbyterian as ever) they will  
the lose it before a Year be over, as then  
een they had. The Anabaptist was thicker  
the in.

in Office than any others Perswasions, but immediately before this turn, yet could he not keep it, nor stem the Tide, when the turn came; and just is it with the Great *Jehovah*, that That Party that pretends to common Liberty, and yet grasps at all, should lose even what he already hath. Much Reason might also be urged for this; for naturally all Parties conspire against any that alone enjoys the Power, as nine at a Table would at the tenth, when he ingrosses the Entertainment of the whole.

Moreover, that Party that is so industriously set upon incroaching all, can least be credited, because of their many former Defections, and Attempts to betray the Cause: *Love* was belyed, if not a Presbyterian, and *Booth* no less. I speak it not to reflect, for there are that I love and honour of that Perswasion, as convinced they do indeed deserve it, both as truly pious Persons and Friends to the Publick: As of the other hand, I do believe there is more than a remnant of that Opinion, Royal. Whereas the Sectarian Party cannot be charged



charged by Envy it self, with Treason  
of that Nature, nor is this a bare Sur-  
mise issuing from a jealous Brain, whilst  
we see even one of the Commissioners  
refuse the Oath against the *Stuarts*  
Claim, and Sir *Anthony Asbly Cooper*  
(an old Cavalier) made a Colonel,  
whilst his Malignancy incapacitates  
him to be a Member of the Council.  
Officers generally are most civil, and  
pocket up Injuries silently; but when  
you come to Model the Troops, as you  
have done the Conduct, your Work  
will recoil; or if you do it not, your  
New Officers will have no Command  
over the old Soldiers. Thus the further  
and faster you go in your *Settlement*, the  
more *unsettled* are you; like one that  
mends his Pace when his way is wrong.

Secondly, *Your House is Divided.* I  
will only remind you of the Word of  
the Lord Christ, from whose Lips ne-  
ver came Guile, and who certainly may  
be believed. *A House divided against*  
*it self cannot stand*, which carries Con-  
viction with it, that your *Ruin* (except  
prevented) is ready to enter. And I  
think, you think, the Cause and you  
must fall together.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, Your Friends are discouraged many ways, and for many things you your new modelling the Army, putting the Sword into the Hands of Rigid, Royal, Neutral Spirits, that never yet were judged worthy to be trusted with the Cause, that never bled, nor fought, nor prayed for it; that have neither Courage nor Conduct. They see you prone to pardon a Spirit beneath your own, but not above; they that would carry you back, or halt you in the Work, but not they that press you forward: They see you shrunk, and less in your Publick Declarations than many Years ago; you were taller by the Head and Shoulders in your Publick Words and Works, in 49 and 51, than now, they saw greater Reason to rejoyce at what you said and did then, than now: They had higher hopes of true Liberty, both as Men and Christians then, than now; which shews that the Rebukes that have been upon you, have not been sanctified, nor you bettered and improved thereby. At your first sitting you were an apparent Blessing to the Nation. which begat in all good People longings for

for your Return again, in hopes to find you yet better: But not so; you were a second time interrupted, and good Men ingaged for your Return, with heighten'd Expectation you would rule righteously and purely for God and your Generation; but behold worst of all. I beseech you to lay it to Heart, Examine and see what is the Reason you dye and wither in the Esteem of Good Men; see whether you have answered those private and personal Obligations to Good People at *Portsmouth*, the *Fleet*, *London* and every where, which made them not value their Lives for your sakes; and see whether *all this* gives not great *Ground of Fear*, that your (and our) *Glass* is run, and an *overflowing Scourge* just ready to seize upon us.

Again, *Lesser Faults in Good Men* are Punished severely, while *Greater in others* are let go Scot-free; which doth demonstrate your Spirit is rather *united to Evil* than *Good*; what else can be the Reason that *Sir Henry Vane's* expell'd your House, for framing only a *Form of Government*, never received  
nor

nor practised (tho' I desire not to be understood, as adjusting his Act, or condemning yours simply considered) and *Oliver St. John*, one that was both, yet he can keep his Seat, have Impunity, and rule the Roast? It is true, the Act was Private and Personal, yet did it, and the secluding Major *Salloway* liberally discover the *Complexion* and *Temperature* of your House.

Again, you Kiss and Hug them that Scorn and Hate you, and Slight such as Faithfully Served you. Your Declaration (a pitiful, dull, confused, senseless Piece) courteth the Clergy and the Lawyer, a brace of Birds, that ever yet have endeavoured to pick out your Eyes; Oh Lord! what sad Fate must needs attend that Power that accounts it their Interest to Exalt their *Eminentest Enemies*, and shake off their *surest Friends*? Was it the Lawyer brought you back to the Exercise of your Power? Or did he not rather laugh and scorn you? Was it *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, *Calamy* and *Casse*, that steered your Fleet, raised your Siege, Incensed your Souldiers so, as they would either

either  
gain  
Neck  
what  
do?  
their  
their  
your  
Bloo  
Fu  
ment  
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One  
his g  
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either Die or fet you in your Seats again ? Was there no *Sectarian* put their Neck in the Noose for you ? And did what none else either could or dared to do ? And must they now *Despond*, hang their Heads, and be ashamed to look their Friends in the Face, through your abuse of the adventure of their Blood ?

Furthermore 'tis a great Discouragement to your Friends, to see the *Giddiness and Instability* of your Actings. One Day solemnly thank Col. *Rich* for his good Service ; the next, conspiring to cut his Throat : If he did indeed serve you, your latter Proceedings are ugly : if otherwise, your Thanks was grounded upon Ignorance ; so that whether he served you, or served you not, you do much deserve your selves by such Actings. For the Veil is too thin, all Men doe see and say, 'tis not *Rich* or *Ludlow*, but the whole *Sectarian* Party ; some among your selves design to ruin ; and to the end, they may the better usher in the *Exiled Interest*.

Moreover consider, can you at once oppress the *Sectarian*, and keep out

the King? I know not what you may imagine, but the wisest without doubt think otherwise. Now if this be in the least possible, that an Ideot may make such an Inference, then look how much you will lay aside the Sectarian, just so much you will lay aside your Strength, and propagate the Interest of *Charles Stuart*. How behoveful therefore is it, that you Eject this evil betimes, and suffer not your Armies nor Fleets to be Baptized wholly much into the Boothian Spirit; especially blinding your selves, and laying further Pressurings and Discouragements upon the Hearts of your Friends. Many other Discouragements I might enumerate. But your time is precious, so also would mine.

4. *Your Trade's Decayed.* I presume: I think you will give me your Faith (without any proof) that it is so: How it came, and why it continues, every one satisfies himself with his own Reason, and therefore I shall spare my Pain as well as your Trouble: Only let me tell you that this is the Dame of all Idleness; and though no Vice can be your Friend, if you intend a Common-wealth. Lack of Employments

employment first foments, then fosters Discontentments. No Men of Mettle will starve while Meat is to be had, if they cannot have it by a civil Employment, they will by a Military, and if you cannot assist them, others shall; for it is not a choice but Necessity which brings them upon you. Thus you see how Nature hath distressed your Affairs, and all Men lay all their Lacks on you. A speedy applying of your selves therefore effectually to Remedy this Distemper, is certainly your Duty, or this single Evil, which is not easily buried, will sink you.

rate 5. Your *Treasure's Exhausted*; yet so would not this Disease be incurable, were not your Army and Navy in Assistance: Invert therefore that Proverb, that *tho money answers all things*, and you will make a true Accompt of your own Condition: How you will fill the empty purse, considering the Difficulties, as well Foreign as Domestick, that you must encounter, is worthy your serious thoughts. You may Assess, but the humour of a *Free Parliament*, supported by all the Art and Interest of the

K 2

the



the *Royalist* and *Secluded* Members gives too good Reason to doubt the Collections will be but slow in the Country. Add hereunto the *Enemies* you make your selves, (to wit) all the *Sebastianian Interest*, (who certainly will most unwillingly maintain their Oppressors together with their general want of Trade, as aforesaid; and I fear you will find such a dulness, as (if I mistake not) your Exigents cannot endure: How hardy you are, I know not, but I assure you this Consideration hath a very Grim and Gasty aspect and hath in very legible Character (at least in my Apprehension) the death of our Cause Ingraven on it. I shall not so much as mention the infinite inconveniences that are intailed to this only will say (what you may observe) this Army serves you not on Principle but for Pay; I will not deny but there are among them that would have me by the Ears, should they know I said so: But deceive not your selves: Could Dick have kept them, they had never been yours; and they staid with Fleetwood till they had eat up the three last Months



Months Affessment ; nor had they left him yet, could he have got or lent them more.

Lastly, Your *Enemies increase*, and that both in *Number* and *Nature* ; for you *create Enemies* to your selves, and this with so great an Industry, that were I an Alien, I should think it your Interest to do so ; For no Man ever could imagine any Power should be so busily occupied in kicking off its fastest Friends. Are not your *old Enemies* enough, but you must make *New* ? This carries Conviction with it, that you intend to take your *Old Enemies* for *New Friends*, but woful is this, Advice ; and unavoidable Ruin will be the effect, and if you enter not into New Counsels, farewell for ever the *Old Cause*. The ways to save you, are but two. *Esouse* again, and Indulge the *Sectarian Interest* ; for a little time will tell you, you cannot keep out the King without their aid. His Interest or theirs you must make yours. The *Presbyters* alone cannot Preserve you if they *Would*, and three parts of four would not, if tney could ; think not I speak at random.

The other is, the *speedy filling* up *your House* ; Contempt's upon you, because of your Paucity ; nor will the Secluded Members give up their Claims, till others are in the room.

Besides, as you are, you are not a *Competent Representative* for so large a Territory as *England* is. Many places have none to Represent them at all, and you have oft declared no Law shall be made, nor Money raised, but by the Peoples Representatives in Parliament, so that you your selves have tied their Purse ; nor will you get it open without Knocks till then. Moreover, your Enemies increase upon you, because no Man sees you have any Maw to this work, but rather think of keeping the Power in your own Clutches. This also is the Reason of your want of Trade, because every Wise Man sees you cannot hold it as you are ; and no Man will manage Affairs, and adventure his Stock, whilst Affairs of State are at this Uncertainty ; and they who would Mind their Business, and Employ themselves and others, growing Idle, and their Monies lying Dead ; be-

come

come Enemies to you, as the Cause thereof, nor can any Excuse be formed for you.

To conclude, how many would be thorow *Common-wealths-men*, saw they you so? But whilst you are uncertain, so are they, and judge it imprudent to outface the Power; to Abjure Monarchy, and the Monarch also, till the State doth it; after you is good Manners, because if you vary, they are undone; would you Tye any faster than your selves? That is most unrighteous; if you will reserve a turn to the King, quarrel not with others for being reserv'd also; lead the Van therefore over *Rubicon*, doubt not enough will follow, but it must be also for a free, just, and equal *Common-wealth*; not that one Party or Perswasion must have all the Magistracies in their own hands, and all the rest as Servitors attending it; no, this is but the Name, it is the Thing you must set up, or the Name of *CHARLES STUART* will be better, and find more followers than it. Sirs, your Vessel's leaky, and your

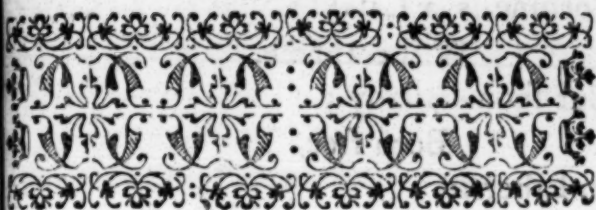
Pump too little ; Carreen her quickly,  
or you sink past all Recovery  
This is the humble, but hearty Advice of

*Your Faithful Servant,*

S. L—e.



*The*



*The* CAVALIER.

A

# S O N G.

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*By* Mr. Samuel BUTLER.

---

**H**E that is a clere  
     CAVALIER  
 Will not Repine ;  
     Although  
 His Pocket grow  
     So very low  
 He cannot get Wine.

K 5

Fortune

Fortune is a Lass

Will embrace,

But soon destroy ;

Born free,

In Libertie,

We'll always be

Singing *Vive l' Roy*.

Vertue is its own Reward,

And Fortune is a Whore,

There's none but Knaves and Fools re

[gard her

Or her Power Implore.

But he that is a trusty Roger,

And will serve the King ;

Altho' he be a tatter'd Souldier,

Yet may Skip and Sing :

Whilst we that Fight for Love,

May in the way of Honour prove,

That they that make Sport of us

May come short of us :

Fate

Fate will flatter them,  
And will scatter them ;  
Whilst our Loyalty  
Looks upon Royalty,  
We that live Peacefully  
May be Successfully  
Crown'd with a Crown at last.

s re-  
her Tho' a real honest Man  
May be quite undone,  
He'll shew his Allegiance,  
Love and Obedience ;  
Those will raise him up,  
Honour stays him up,  
Virtue keeps him up,  
And we praise him up,  
Whilst the vain Courtiers dine  
With their Bottles full of Wine,  
Honour will make him Fast.

Freely then  
Let's be Honest Men,

And

And kick at Fate,  
For we may live to see  
Our Loyalty  
Valued at a higher rate.  
He that bears a Sword, or a Word  
Against the Throne,  
And does prophanely prate,  
To abuse the State,  
Hath no kindness for his own.

What tho' Painted Plumes, and Players  
Are the prosp'rous Men,  
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs  
Till they come to't agen ;  
Treachery may be Fac'd with Light,  
And Letchery lin'd with Furr,  
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,  
Sing Fortune *De la guerre*.  
But what's that to us, brave Boys,  
That are right Honest Men?  
We'll conquer and come agen,  
Beat up the Drum agen ;

Hey



A S O N G.

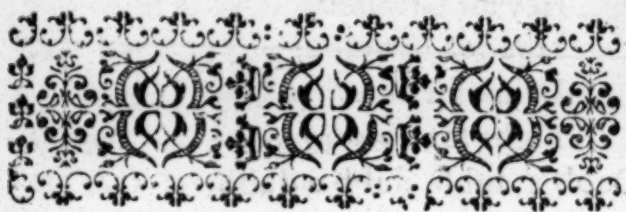
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Hey for *Cavaliers*,  
Hoe for *Cavaliers*,  
Drink for *Cavaliers*,  
Fight for *Cavaliers*,  
Dubb a dubb, dubb a dubb,  
Have at old *Belzebub*,  
*Oliver* stinks for Fear.

*Fifth-Monarchy-men* must down Boys,  
With Bulleys of ev'ry Sect in Town  
[Boys;

We'll Rally and to't again,  
Give 'em the Rout again,  
Fly like Light about,  
Face to the Right about,  
Charge them Home again,  
When they come on again;  
*Sing Tantara rara Boys,*  
*Tantara rara Boys;*  
This is the Life of an Old *CAVALIER*,

The



## The Satanical C A B A L.

**A**

# V I S I O N.

**D**rawn by my Penſive Thoughts  
[ into a Field,  
Where unheard Complaints my Grievs ſome  
[ Eafe might yeild ;  
Grievs that aroſe, as *David's* did, to }  
[ ſee  
The Good and Juſt oppreſt, the wick- }  
[ ed free ;  
A Doubt, He ſcarce could ſolve, too }  
[ hard for me : }  
Til

'Till weary'd Nature over-press'd with  
[ Thought,  
Sunk under Sleep; and Sleep this Vi-  
[ sion brought.

Methought old *Albion's* Genius did  
[ appear,  
With expectation full, and full of fear:  
He cry'd, this day determines *England's*  
[ Fate;  
All *Hell* about it are in keen Debate.  
Strait *Milton's* Pandemonium did }  
[ appear, }  
As when *Hell's* Princes sat consulting }  
[ there, }  
Of Conqu'ring Heav'n, but van- }  
[ quish'd nought but Air. }  
*Satan* the vilest of the Fiends that  
[ fell  
Sat President; while lesser Imps of  
[ Hell,  
Were

Were sent to divers Stations to Pro-

[ clam

A solemn Consult in the *Devil's* Name :

Thither to summon all who Factions

[ Head ;

And those, who by pretended Zeal are

[ led,

To thriving Sins, and act the worst of

[ Crimes :

Sin close themselves ; yet would Re-

[ form the Times.

*Assly* appear'd, first of the Prick-ear'd

[ Race,

All lesser Fiends gave him the second

[ Place :

H'ad damn'd more Souls than any *De-*

[ vil there ;

Were *Satan* absent he'd deserve the

[ Chair.

His

His Minion Bastard follow'd in the

[ Croud ;

For him more Fool than Knave they

[ all allow'd :

*Bran--* was next ; to him next *Es--*

[ Sate,

*Jo--- Win---* those *Bell-weathers* of

[ State :

On *Satan's* Counfel, t'other Advo-

[ cate. }

A Spurious brood fit for no place but

[ *Hell,*

Fill'd up the Court ; their Name's too

[ long to tell :

Fam'd Traitors, or their spawn, whose

[ joynt consent

Murder'd their King, o'erthrew the

[ Government. }

(Fit Counsellors for such a Presi-

[ dent ! ]

Dis-

210      *The Satanical CABAL,*

Discord, Confusion, Famine, Civil War,  
Attended on the Court : There Heralds

[ were  
To Act what they Decreed.    The Coun-

[ cil sat,  
All things prepar'd, they enter'd on De-  
[ bate,

When *Satan* thus, You matchless Peers  
[ of Hell,

Fathers conscript, (whose Wisdom who  
[ can tell ? )

Long did we Battel 'gainst the Nor-  
[ thern Isle,

Whose guardian Angel sat and Laugh'd  
[ the While

At our vain Projects ; Prince and Peo-  
[ ple were

Bulwark'd by Heav'n, Heav'ns peculiar  
[ care :

Like

Like *Eden* fenc'd ; one entrance round

[ about,

And there the Sword of Justice kept me

[ out.

Their Monarch, Fear'd abroad, Belov'd

[ at home,

Ev'n *Hell* itself dispair'd to overcome :

But, what our Force united cou'd not do,

This noble Peer has found a way unto.

A shame to *Hell*, and *Devils*, thus to see

A Mortal's Malice can do more than

[ We !

But say the Ways, the Means, my dar-

[ ling Son ;

That *Hell* may learn how this great Deed

[ was done.

Then spoke the Caitiff thus :

Luxurious Ease and Plenty made 'em

[ Proud,

And Reformation's name still takes the

[ Croud ;

Suf-

Suspicious, causeless Jealousies, and

[ Fears,

At first we softly whisper'd in Mens

[ Ears :

Then publick Libels bolder Treasons }

[spoke ;

But, above all, Religion was our }

[Cloak,

That specious Vizor Rebels ever took,

The Subjects Poyson'd thus, we had

[ recourse

To means, to part the King's united

[ Force.

*Dudly* and *Somerſet*, while joyn'd ſtood

[ well ;

One taken off, the other quickly fell :

Againſt that Admiral there was ſome }

[Pretence ;

But nothing cou'd be urg'd againſt }

[ this Prince

But Love, and Zeal for Truth, and

[ Innocence. }

Tho'



A VISION.

213

Tho' Arm'd with Virtues, I lay'd a  
 [ Desigr  
 Deep as your *Hell* itself; I boast 'twas  
 [ mine :  
*Plebeians* first we nam'd, as in a Plot ;  
 And tho' the wisest Heads perceiv'd }  
 [ it not,  
*York* was the Royal mark at which }  
 [ we Shot.  
 For Commons Blood made way to No-  
 [ bler Game ;  
 We found 'twou'd take, and Peers, then  
 [ Prince we name ;  
 Imprison'd some, and some to Exile  
 [ went :  
 For none was safe, tho' ne'er so Inno-  
 [ cent.  
 True Sons of *Belial's* Oaths made out  
 [ our Cause ;  
 By Lawyers help, we over-rul'd the  
 [ Laws ;

We

We got the House of Commons, on our  
[ side ;

And those that joyn'd not with us, vil-  
[ lify'd.

Assisted thus, if all our Whiles shou'd  
[ fail,

We thought by open force we might  
[ prevail :

We boldly struck at all, and did de-  
[ sign,

Against all Laws both Human and  
[ Divine,

Quite to cut off at once the Royal Line;  
And by degrees debase the sovereign

[ Pow'r :  
When all our hopes (curst be the fatal  
[ Hour! )

Abortive prov'd ;

Our darling Commons unexpected fell,  
Tho' by a Ghost forewarn'd, went quick

[ to Hell.

Here

Here *Satan* interpos'd. This to re-  
[ pair,  
Is this Day's Council call'd ; for thus  
[ you hear  
The Royal *Lion* 'scap'd the Hunters  
[ Toyl,  
He now lives happy Northwards on  
[ this Isle:  
Parting the Royal Pair succeeds not  
[ well ;  
Their Loves unite 'em, and protect 'em  
[ still.  
To break this sacred Union, let us  
[ now,  
*Philistines*-like, with *Sampson's* Heifer  
[ Flow.  
That be thy work, my Peer. While  
[ this he said,  
*Nuncius*, a wily Fiend from *Scotland*  
[ fled,  
En-

Enters, and cries, O save me, *Hell* ! for

From *York's* too pow'rful guardian An-

Thither I went, design'd by your Com-

To sow Rebellion in that fruitful Land,  
To wound that Prince's Interest there,

Some fresh occasion to disturb his Mind;  
But against all my Arts he found De-

Arm'd with Religion, Courage Inno-

Belov'd, Ador'd by all, there Justice

In equal Streams, and none Oppression

Rebellion there meets with its just Re-

And Loyalty is had in due regard :

Blest

for Blest in each other, Prince and People are;  
[ I He in their Love, they in his watchful  
An- (Care.

ly: Th' Almighty, who well knew my vile  
om- (Intent;

nd, A guardian Angel to his Succour sent;  
nd, I (who had try'd the force of Heav'nly,  
re, (Steel,

nd And since our fall its dire Effects still  
d; (feel;

De- From far perceiv'd him coming; at  
ce, (whose sight,

no- To save my self and you, I took my  
e; (flight.

ice But, oh! he comes! he's here!

ws At his approach, th' Infernal Spirits }  
on (shook. }

s; Down to your Hell, he cry'd! While  
Re- (this he spoke. }

rd, The Fabrick sunk, dissolv'd in Fire  
(and Smoke }

o L. III.

L

est (Th



*The WHIG;*

# G H O S T.

**I**N dead of Night, when the pale  
 (Moon  
 Had got to the Nocturnal Noon,  
 Betwixt her Light, and what was lent  
 From twinkling Candle almost spent,  
 As I lay slumbring on my Bed,  
 I saw methought a Man, was dead:  
 Gravely he stalk'd, and stood, and  
 (star'd,  
 While I lay trembling, and was scar'd  
 Dumb

Dumb for a while, at last I broke  
Silence, and to the Fantom spoke.  
Methinks you're one that I have seen,  
Oh! tell me Ghost were have you  
(been:  
He soon reply'd, with Accent hollow,  
In Words conform to these that follow.

'From the *Tartarean* Shades below,  
That neither Bounds, nor Bottom  
(know

(Where a new Life the Cursed gain,  
Thro' constant Torments, endless Pain)  
I by permission come, to tell

What Government there is in Hell.

Because I know thou art a Tory,

To thee I choose t'impart my Story;

For thou wilt joyfully reveal,

What Whigs (that long for Com-

(mon-weal

Like *Spartan* Boys) would stillc on

(ceal:)

220 *The WHIG'S GHOST.*

Attend then, and my Narrative  
Communicate to all alive.

I am the Soul of one of those  
That both the King and Law oppose,  
And Itch with Conscientious Scurvy,  
To turn the Kingdom Topsy-turvy ;  
Rogues that presume themselves ap-  
(pointed,

To contradict the Lord's Anointed :  
Those that wou'd murder an Addressor,  
And cut the Legs of true Successor,  
And make him look in pitious case,  
As *Witherington* in *Chevy-Chase* :  
Nay, cut his Throat ; and in his place  
Set *Perkin* up, of Extract base ;  
Who has no more pretence to Rule,  
This Land, than any other Fool ;  
But may make out (I'll swear) as soon,  
A Title to the World i'th Moon.  
I was, I say, of that Cabal,  
Till I was frighted in the *Mal* :

(But



But to proceed with our Relation,  
Of Action in th' Infernal Nation :  
Assist me, Steed of *Phæbus* Legion,  
While I describe the doleful Region.  
One Monarch in that World controuls  
With flaming Scepter tortur'd Souls,  
And Captive tho' he be in Chains,  
Yet absolute in Power he Reigns ;  
No Factions there disturb the State,  
Which is Preserv'd by steady Fate,  
Unalterable Laws they have,  
Which the Almighty Godhead gave,  
And to their Prince, ev'n on his Foes  
A strict Obedience did impose.  
That Prince is *Lucifer* : Whose Pow'r  
The subject Ghosts adore each Hour ;  
Who to advance their mighty King,  
In Blasphemies his Praises sing,  
Devoutly swearing there's no ods,  
Betwixt his Grandeur and the Gods.  
These tho' they suffer, 'tis in vain,  
Amid'ft their Torments to complain :

(But

L 3

If

222 *The WHIG'S GHOST.*

If he but nod from burning Throne,  
 'There's not a Soul that dares to groan;  
 For Hell admits of no Petition,  
 To redress Grievance on Condition;  
 Nor do tumultuous Crouds appear,  
 With bold Remonstrances of Fear,  
 Nor Spirits murmur at Oppression,  
 Nor prate of *Right* or *Wrong* Succession.  
 Their King's immortal: Oh! 'mong  
 (you,

Your mighty Monarch were so too!  
 I love him now; and tho' a Devil,  
 Am much more honest grown, and ci-  
 (vil:

For, having ta'en a Drachm of *Styx*,  
 I have forgot my Whiggish Tricks.  
 Next to the Prince, there are that stand  
 Awfully waiting his Command,  
*Belzebub, Moloch, Ashtaroth, Baal,*  
 And *Dagon*, who before their Fall  
 (Tho' now condem'd t' eternal Night):  
 Were *Seraphims*, and Sons of Light:  
 Those

Those cursed Peers, when e'er he  
(will

(If he intends great Wo or Ill,  
To Sons of Earth) he always can,  
Summon into his dark Divan;  
Not to give Counsel, but to do  
What his dire Dictates prompt him to  
You have (like them) one noble Peer  
Who wou'd do mighty Service there;  
Wou'd he were there, instead of me,  
To shew his Squinting Policy:

He 'tis I mean, that looks at once,  
Like *Cerberus* from tripple Sconce;  
But that his Eyes woud Fascinate,  
And give a Destiny to Fate:

For he, I fear, wou'd break the  
(Law,  
By which that World is kept in  
(Awe,

Since it is here his chiefeſt Care,  
To break all Laws that Penal are.

224 *The WHIG'S GHOST.*

He wou'd go nigh even in that Sta-  
(tion,

'To make a New *Association* ;

But, if he did, Oh ! There are Jud-  
(ges,

Instead of Scarlet Cloath, with Bad-  
(ges ;

Not such as these in which we Trade,  
But Robes of solid Darkneſs made :  
They'd firke his Toby ; for take this  
For fatal Truth, (and ſo it is)

In the Proceedings againſt Furies

There are no *Ignoramus* Juries,

Plain Evidence is there believ'd,

And no convicted Fiend Repriev'd ;

No Mainprize there allow'd, nor Bayl,

But doom'd to an eternal Jayl,

The reſtleſs Pris'ners howl and cry,

While they in burning Shakles fry.

Yet in my Conſcience he'd endeavour,

Ev'n to deceive the great Deceiver ;

Or

*The WHIG'S GHOST.* 225

Or would pretend to court for Mi-  
(strefs,

The fatal'ft of the Fatal Sisters,  
And wou'd fo wheedle her, that ſhe  
Should cut the thread of Monorchy :

So wou'd he his clear wiſh obtain,  
To put an end to *Charles* his Reign ;  
Nor wou'd he value his Damnation  
To keep out *James* from Kingly Sta-  
(tion.

Here upon Earth he has a Pug,  
Which he (like Devel and Witch) does  
hug ;

For he ne'r found his Words were true  
(in

Any thing yet, but his own Ruin :  
He then did tell the Younker, He  
Should ſway the *Britiſh* Monarchy,  
Of a known Baſtard grow a Prince ;  
But poor deluded *Perkin* ſince,

From

226 *The WHIG'S GHOST.*

From fancy'd Honour is degraded;  
 And all his *Flower-de-Luces* faded.  
 But I digress from my Design,  
 While things on Earth and Hell I joyn;  
 Suffer me then to represent  
 The Methods of our Parliament.  
 When *Lucifer* to outmost borders  
 Of *Erebus* sends out his Orders,  
 His Officers make no delay,  
 But the great Summons soon obey:  
 Unanimously they Elect,  
 Not such as say they will protect  
 'The common Peoples Liberty,  
 From their dread Sovereign's Tyranny;  
 For none his boundless Power question;  
 Nor make undutiful Suggestions;  
 But such they are, as when they assemble  
 Before his Footstool, bow and tremble;  
 They

They come with stedfast Resolutions,  
T' assert the fatal Constitutions :  
Nor do they once Capitulate,  
Or grumble to maintain the State ;  
All that they have, to him they owe ;  
*Mammon* besides is his, they know.  
There is no sawcy well-clad Clown,  
That claims the use of what's his own ;  
Nor can from Hellish Mouth such Sin  
come.

As to deny him his own Income :  
There, no Abhorters on their Knees,  
Pay *Topham's* Arbitrary Fees ;  
No bawling Lawyers Speeches make,  
Which only with the vulgar take.

But hark ! I hear the midnight Bell,  
And that rings my departing Kneel :  
What I have said pray con it o're,  
Next time we meet, I'll tell you more..

*An.*



AN  
 EPITAPH  
 ON

*Jack Gill the Gamester.*

**H**ere lyes *Jack Gill*,  
 Who never liv'd well,  
 Till that very Moment he found himself  
 (ill.

Severe was his Fate,  
 To begin the World late,  
 For the *End* and *Beginning* had both but  
 (one Date  
 Yet



Yet I cannot but say,  
Death gave him fair play,  
For he lost his Life at the best of the  
(Lay;

For had Death come before,  
When *Jack* run o'th' Score,  
He had lost it to nothing, since he must  
(have liv'd poor,

Twas hard, tho', that Death,  
Shou'd give no more Breath,  
But so soon as he had it to make him  
(bequeath;

*Jack* treated him too,  
As he wou'd have done you,  
The Doctor was there, but all wou'd  
(not do.

Death he found was no Cull,  
Nor lov'd he a Droll;  
Else *Jack* might have Banter'd him out  
(of his Soul,

(Who

Who before, it seems, guest  
The Time of his Rest ;  
But I don't believe him, he us'd so to  
(jest :

How e're, 'tis plain now,  
He has made his Words true,  
And our Hearts very sad, so we bid  
(him adieu.





232 HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.

I And sure our Knight whose very fight  
(wou'd

entitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood ;  
Shou'd he neglected lie, and rot,  
Stink in his Grave and be forgot,  
Wou'd have just Reason to Complain,  
If he shou'd chance to Rise again.  
And therefore to prevent his *dudgeon*,  
In mournful Dog'el thus we trudge on.

Oh me ! what Tongue, what Pen can  
tell

How this Renowed Champion fell ?  
But must reflect, alas ! alas !  
All Human Glory fades like Grass,  
And that the strongest Martial Feats,  
Of Errant Knights are all but Cheats :  
Witness our Knight, who sure has done  
More Valiant Actions Ten to One,  
Than of Moore Hall, the Mighty Moore,  
Or him that made the Dragon roar ;  
Has

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY. 233

Has knock'd more Men and Women  
(down  
Than *Bevis* of *Southampton* Town,  
Or than our *Modern Heroes* can,  
To take them singly Man by Man.

No sure the *Grifly King* of Ter-  
(rour

Has been to blame, and in an *Errour*,  
To Issue his *Dead Warrant* forth,  
To seize a *Knight* of so much *Worth*,  
Just in the nick of all his *Glory*.  
I tremble when I tell the *Story*.  
Oh! help me, help me, some kind *Muse*,  
This *surly Tyrant* to abuse;  
Who in his age has been so *Cruel*,  
To Rob the *World* of such a *Jewel*?  
A *Knight* more *Learned*, *Stout*, and  
(Good,  
Sure ne'er was made of *Flesh* and  
(Blood:

AlI

234 HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.

All his *Perfections* were so Rare,  
 The Wit of Man could not declare,  
 Which single *Virtue*, or which *Grace*,  
 Above the rest had any Place ;  
 Or which he was most famous for,  
 The *Camp*, the *Pulpit*, or the *Bar* :  
 Of each he had an equal *Spice*,  
 And was in all so very nice,  
 That to speak Truth th' *Account* is lost,  
 In which he did excel the most.  
 When he forsook the *peaceful Dwelling*,  
 And out he went a *Colonelling* ;  
 Strange *Hopes* and *Fears* possess the Na-  
 (tion,  
 How he cou'd manage that *Vocation*,  
 Until he shew'd it to a Wonder,  
 How nobly he cou'd *Fight* and *Plunder* :  
 At *Preaching* too he was a *Dab*,  
 More exquisite by far than *Squab* ;  
 He cou'd fetch *Uses* and *Infer*  
 Without the help of *Metaphor*,

From

From any *Scripture Text* howe're  
Remote it from the *Purpose* were ;  
And with his *Fist*, instead of a *Stick*,  
Beat *Pulpit*, *Drum*, *Ecclesiastick* ;  
'Till he made all the *Audience Weep*,  
Excepting those that fell *Asleep*.  
Then at the *Bar* he was right able,  
And cou'd *Bind o're* as well as *Swaddle* ;  
And famous too at *Petty Sessions*,  
'Gainst *Thieves* and *Whores* for long *Di-*  
*gressions*.

He cou'd most *Learnedly* *Determin*,  
To *Bridwell* or the *Stocks*, the *Vermin*.  
For his *Address* and way of *Living*,  
All his *Behaviour* was for *Mowing* ;  
That let the *Dame* bene're so *Chast*,  
As *People* say, below the *Wast*,  
If *Hudibras* but once come at *Her*,  
He'd quickly make her *Chaps* to *Water* ;  
Then for his *Equipage* and *Shape*,  
On *Vestals* they'd commit a *Rape* ;

Which

236 HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.

Which often, as the Story says,  
Have made the Ladies weep *both Ways*.  
Ill has he Read that never hear'd,  
How he wi'th' Widow Tomson far'd;  
And what hard *Conflict* was between  
Our Knight and that *Insulting Queen*.

Sure *Captive Knight* ne'er took more  
(Pains,

For Rhimes for his *Melodious Strains*;  
Nor beat his *Brains*, or made more Fa-  
(ces,

To get into a *Filts good Graces*,  
Than did Sir *Hudibras* to get,  
Into this subtile *Gypsies Net*;  
Who after all her high *Pretence*,  
To *Modesty* and *Innocence*,  
Was thought by most to be a *Women*,  
That to all other *Knights* was *Common*.

Hard was his *Fate* in this I own,  
Nor will I for the *Traps* attone:

Indeed



Indeed to guess I am not able,  
 What made her thus *Inexorable* ;  
 Unless she did not like his *Wit*,  
 Or what is worse, his *Perquisit*.  
 How e're it was, the *Wound* she gave  
 The *Knight* he carry'd to his *Grave* :  
 Vile *Harlot* to destroy a *Knight*,  
 That cou'd both *Plead*, and *Pray*, and  
 (*Fight*.

Oh ! cruel base inhumane *Drab*,  
 To give *Him* such a mortal *Stab* ;  
 That made him pine away and moulder,  
 As tho' that *He* had been no *Soldier* :  
 Could'st thou find no *One* else to  
 (*Kill*,

Thou *Instrument* of *Death* and *Hell* ?  
 But *Hudibras*, who stood the *Bears*  
 So oft against the *CAVALIERS* ;  
 And in the very heat of *War*,  
 Took stout *Crowdero* *Prisoner* ;  
 And did such *Wonders* all along,  
 That far exceed both *Pen* and *Tongue*.

If

238      *The WHIG'S GHOST.*

If he had been in *Battle Slain*,  
 We'd had less reason to *Complain* ;  
 But to be *Murder'd* by a *Whore*,  
 Was ever *Knight* so serv'd before ?  
 But since he's gone, all *We* can say,  
 He chanc'd to dye a lingering way ;  
 If he had liv'd a longer *Date*,  
 He might, perhaps, have met a *Fate*  
 More violent, and fitting for  
 A *Knight* so fam'd in *Civil War*.  
 To summ up all, from *Love* and *Danger*,  
 He's now (*O happy Knight*) a *stranger*,  
 And if a *Muse* can ought foretel,  
 His *Fame* shall fill a *Chronicle*,  
 And He in *After-Ages* be,  
 Of *Errant Knights* th' *Epitome*;

HVDI-



# HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

**U**nder this Stone rests Hudibras,  
 A Knight as Errant as e'er was ;  
 The Controversie only lies,  
 Whether he was more Stout than Wise ;  
 Nor can we here pretend to say,  
 Whether he best cou'd Fight or Pray ;  
 So till those Questions are decided,  
 His Virtues must rest undivided.  
 Full oft he suffer'd Bangs and Drubs,  
 And full as oft took Pains in Tubs ;  
 Of which the most that can be said,  
 He Pray'd and Fought, and Fought and  
 (Pray'd,  
 Full

240 HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

*As for his Personage and Shape  
Among the rest we'll let them scape,  
Nor do we as things stand thing fit  
This Stone shou'd meddle with his Wit.  
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,  
He liv'd and dy'd a Colonel ;  
And for the Good Old Cause stood buff  
Gainst many a bitter Kick and Cuff.  
But since his Worship's dead and gone,  
And mouldring lies beneath this Stone,  
The Reader is desir'd to look  
For his Atchievement in his Book ;  
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale  
Till Time and Death it self shall fail.*

The End of the third Volume.



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